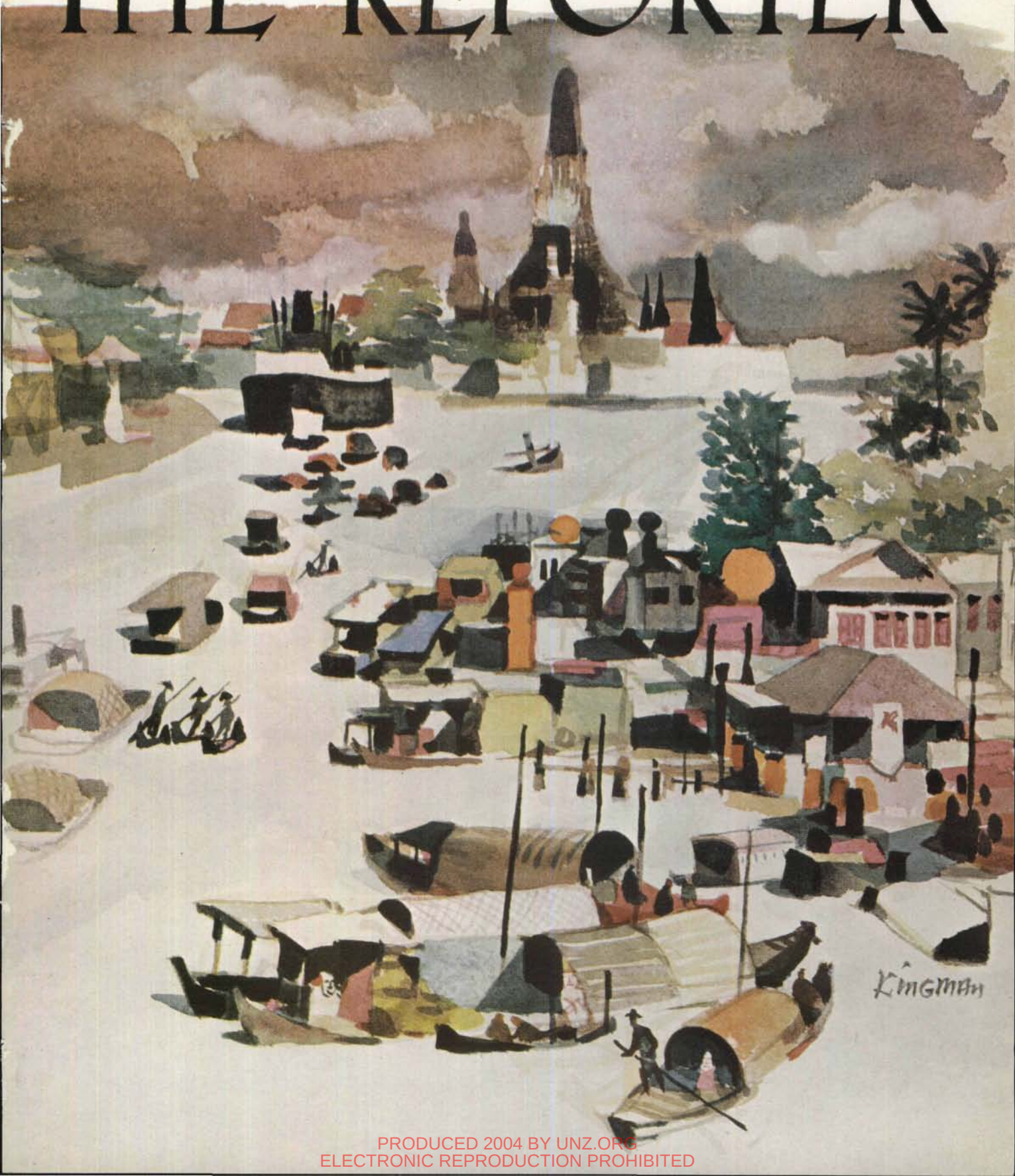
The Shaky Pillars of Our Asian Policy

CDC November 28, 1957 25¢

An Interview with ALBERT CAMUS (page 37)

THE REPORTER



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BELVA LOCKWOOD

For President !!!

Political cartoon from "The American Past" by Roger Butterfield, Simon and Schuster, Inc. publishers.

SHE was small and slender and very handsome in her new blue gown as she stepped onto the roughhewn platform. Above her, flags snapped against the summer sky. Before her, the lady delegates of the Equal Rights Party stood up and cheered.

Belva Anne Lockwood accepted their cheers, and their nomination, to become in 1884 the woman who ran for the Presidency of the United States.

A gallant choice she was, too. Defying massive prejudice, she had fought for and won a college education, a law degree—the first ever given an American woman, and, finally, the right to plead cases before the Supreme Court. (Where, among other triumphs, she won a $5,000,000 settlement for the Cherokee Indians.)

SHE didn't expect to be President; that wasn't her point. She would run to make America conscious of women's right to political equality. And run she did. Ridiculed in the press, hooted on the street, even denounced by fellow-suffragist Susan Anthony, she nevertheless received 4,159 popular ballots from six states.

More important of course, she dramatized, as no one else had, women's battle for the right to vote.

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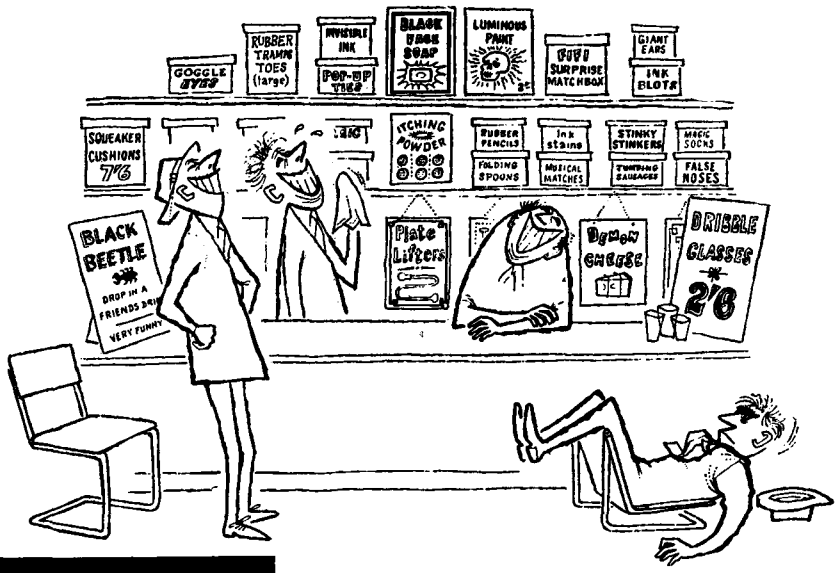

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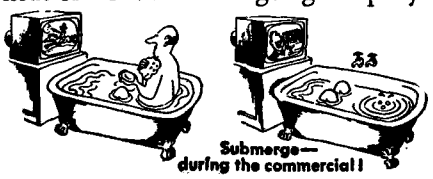

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Expendable

"The Mandate: A Coalition Cabinet." Thus ran the title of our editorial commenting on the 1956 election returns. "The people have expressed their trust in him [the President]," we wrote, "and their mistrust for the leaders of his own party.... In his speech conceding defeat—the best he made during the campaign—Adlai Stevenson paid a most beautiful tribute to the role partisanship plays in the service of the nation. He exalted partisanship and, once more, proved to be above it. Could President Eisenhower call on a better or, for that matter, a more qualified man to work on his side as Secretary of State in the service of the nation?"

Our precious piece of advice to the President elicited quite a bit of comment among our readers and in the press. A few friends intimated that maybe we had our tongue in our cheek when we wrote those lines, and this we resented on many grounds—including the one that the posture of our tongue is nobody's business.

We had formulated that idea of a coalition government a number of times before, though we know full well how our Constitution and our party system make its realization next to impossible. But it also happened that we have a near-Alsopian sense of the dire peril our nation has been facing during the last four or five years. There was a time when "Remember the *Maine*" was the motto of all alert citizens. Then came "Remember Pearl Harbor." We don't feel like launching a new one, "Remember Sputnik," for the simple reason that there is not much danger of anyone forgetting it. Sputnik as a name for a great national emergency is to Pearl Harbor what Pearl Harbor was to the sinking of the *Maine*.

Now the administration has discovered, if not the value of bipartisan government, at least the value of bipartisan co-operation in the conduct of foreign affairs. Adlai Stevenson has been invited to join the Presidential retinue at the coming NATO meeting in Paris. Aren't we satisfied to have been proved somewhat prophetic, even if at a discount rate?

WE ARE not—and certainly we do not belong to the everything-or-nothing school of thought. Indeed, Stevenson has once more given unneeded evidence of his sense of patriotic duty. But by assenting to go to Paris as a consultant-at-large, he has exposed himself to inevitable disappointment and frustration. Probably that exceptionally noble man thinks that he can afford it, since his chances of getting a third Presidential nomination are about as nominal as his leadership of the Democratic Party.

The one fact that Adlai Stevenson and everybody concerned with the nation's affairs cannot forget for a moment is that events themselves have given the administration an overwhelming vote of no confidence —a vote in which, as far as one can judge, the whole nation concurs. This is why there should be unity on a bipartisan or nonpartisan basis in the conduct of national affairs, which means in the executive branch of the government.

The first condition for unity is that the men most responsible for the plight in which the nation finds itself be retired from public life. As long as John Foster Dulles remains at the head of the State Department and Lewis Strauss at the head of the AEC, to mention only two, men like Adlai Stevenson can advise the government to the limit of their ability, which is great, with no other prospect than of making themselves expendable.

Why Are We So Modest?

In the course of his first science and security speech, the President pointed to a cone-shaped thing and stated: "This object here in my office is the nose cone of an experimental missile fired over a long distance. It has been hundreds of miles into the outer space and back. Here it is, completely unharmed, intact."

A week later we learned that the President had been unduly modest in his description. Speaking in Cincinnati, Colonel John H. Swenson, Assistant Secretary of Defense for research and engineering, reported that the nose cone was the first object known to have been regained from outer space. During its descent through the atmosphere it had glowed with the intensity of a second-class star. At a precisely calculated moment it had slowed itself by ejecting a parachute without burning it on the red-hot metal. Then it had put out a balloon and inflated it. A little guillotine next severed the inflated tube, and the balloon was let out on a tether above the parachute. Just before it hit the water, it fired

EPITAPH

"Sit!" they said, and she obeyed,
"Stay!" they said, and Laika stayed,
"Go!" they said, and pulled the switch,
And upward shot the little bitch.

Laika in her whirling pyre
Saved the men who will go higher,
Breathed for them until the end—
Man had never better friend.

—SEC

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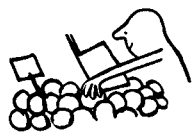

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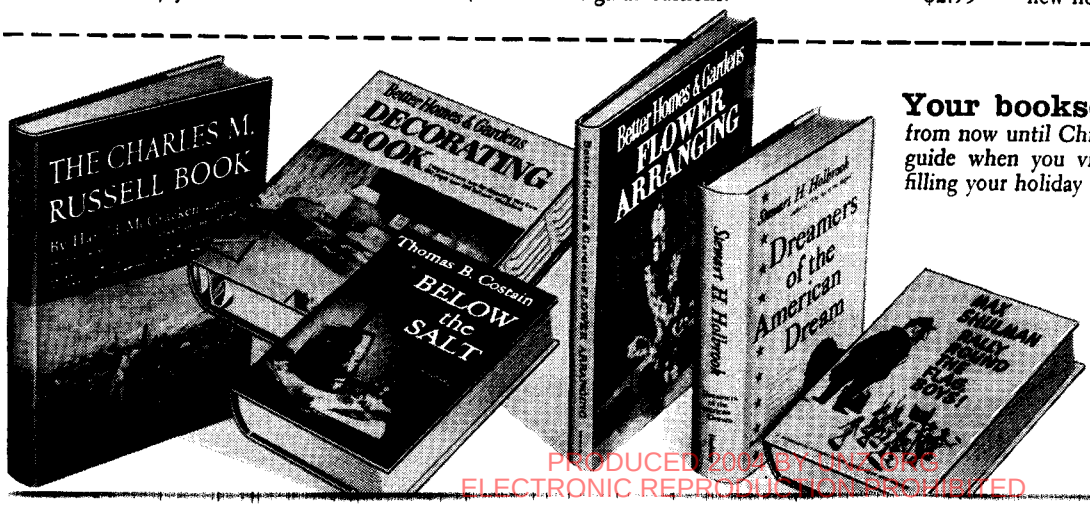
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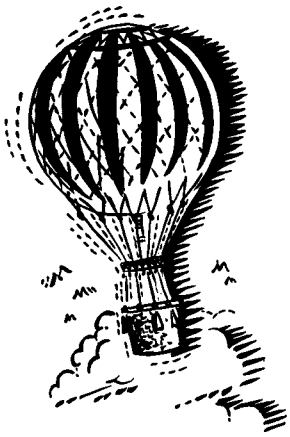

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THE REPORTER

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several small bombs so that the Navy could locate its position with listening devices. In the water, the cone put out an antenna and began broadcasting beeps. It also flashed light signals, put out a dye marker, and spread repellent so that those who came to fetch it would not be attacked by sharks.

Some have suggested that a nose cone gently swinging through the atmosphere under a parachute hardly solves the missile re-entry problem. But until the contrary is proved, Colonel Swenson's report is the definitive word. In fact, it would have been much better if the President himself had told us about the extraordinary devices that brought the cone from outer space to his office.

Whatever our technology produces —be it a trans-space cone or a 1958 car—comes equipped with a formidable array of time- and effort-saving gadgets. But the government has no sense of public relations. How come the cone wasn't given a name?

Compulsory Education

This year, America's annual Education Week, during which it is customary for millions of parents to be invited into our classrooms to watch their offspring spell, comment on Shakespeare, or dissect frogs, occurred (as what did not?) under the sign of Soviet flying things. Anxious soul-searching marked the observance with audible worry over the failure of America's brain power to beat the Soviets at their own game.

Marion B. Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, declared that the news from Moscow and outer space showed that far more emphasis must be given to mathematics and the abstract sciences in our schools. The chairman of the President's Committee on Scientists and Engineers reminded the nation that "the front line of defense lies in the classroom and the laboratory."

It may be said that too much emphasis was put on electronics and engineering at the expense of the humanities. But that's not quite true. A committee of distinguished professors appointed by the Association of Graduate Schools pointed out that even the pursuit of the lofty Ph.D. degree has been vulgarized, overmechanized, and often reduced to

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repetitive mumbo jumbo. As against this, the committee calls for higher quality, broader disciplines, and, above all, more individuality. Now that, thanks to Sputnik, interest in education is being reawakened in this country, it might even be possible to hope that at some time in the distant future writers of Ph.D. dissertations will use something that approximates English as their medium of expression.

We are really alarmed. Someday Khrushchev's police may denounce the scientists who sent up the Sputniks as U.S. agents paid by Allen Dulles to give us the shock we needed to regain our senses.

On the Line

President Eisenhower recently approved a doubling of the tariff rates on imported spring clothespins. This is some solace, but not much, to the American clothespin industry, which for eight years has been petitioning the Tariff Commission for an import quota on clothespins and had finally won a recommendation that the President impose an annual import quota of 650,000 gross. The recommendation was unusual, because the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, largely at American insistence, has frowned upon the use of quotas to protect domestic industries.

The clothespin industry wanted a quota because it felt that the tariff was so low that even doubling it wouldn't help much. It had been reduced from twenty to ten cents a gross at the second GATT conference in 1949, in an exchange of concessions with the Swedes and Danes, the leading foreign suppliers.

It is sometimes forgotten in these tariff fights that the importer is another American small businessman. But unlike the small manufacturer, he doesn't create any significant employment and isn't well enough organized to make his case well known. In the clothespin case, four American importers and three Scandinavian manufacturers had hired the Washington law firm of Sharp & Bogan to combat the campaign being carried on by a Washington trade association called the Clothespin Manufacturers of America.

According to Jim Sharp, the culprit so far as the clothespin industry is concerned is the automatic dryer, though in spite of this household phenomenon, sales of wooden spring clothespins have increased sharply during the last few years. The President himself stated at the time he doubled the tariff rate that this country's spring-clothespin industry had larger sales last year than ever before. This prompted the representative of one major importer to remark: "You don't have to be right; you just have to be persistent."

Next year the President is going to have to persuade Congress to renew the reciprocal-trade-agreements program and to approve American membership in the proposed Organization for Trade Cooperation. Doubling the tariff rate to protect an industry that is already thriving seems a curiously inept way to convince both the pressure groups here at home and our dollar-hungry friends abroad that the U.S. government will stand firm behind all its brave words about foreign trade.

THE CAVE MEN

You can come out now, all you
Starry-eyed dreamers, intellectuals, bleeding hearts,
Screwball untouchables. Put on clean shirts,
Brush the unruly hair, and apply for work.
The nation needs you, has granted amnesty
For crimes of intelligence, so do not shirk
The clarion call for brains. The practical men,
The hard-headed realists concede your use,
Are proffering support, and not abuse—
So throw those shoulders back. You've stooped so long
In the outdated posture of being wrong,
You blink now in the light
Of being, and being acknowledged to be,
Right.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

ARMOR VIRUMQUE

To the Editor: I share your hopes, as expressed in your editorial "Thank You, Sputnik," (*The Reporter*, October 31) that the Soviet achievement may at least galvanize our people into action.

Lyndon B. Johnson
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: Thanks for your editorial on the Russian earth satellite. The fact that you are going into this matter in depth is welcome news, and I noted with great care the concluding paragraph of your splendid (aside from your political preferences, upon which I offer no comment) editorial. I have been emphasizing the fact in all my speeches that leadership must come from the Congress and the people, as well as the leadership we hope to have from the President. I say this because it represents my own consciousness of my responsibility as a senator.

Jacob K. Javits
U.S. Senate
Washington

To the Editor: Your October 31 editorial "Thank You, Sputnik" was a great disappointment to us. Along with so many others, you seem to assume that it is just a question of running harder in this arms race. But what happens on the day five years from now when both Russia and the United States will have perfected long-range intercontinental ballistic missiles to carry nuclear warheads? There we will stand ready to annihilate each other. Is this what we are racing for?

Paul and Amy Weber
Erlton, New Jersey

To the Editor: I was struck by the statement in your October 31 editorial that "It is not in the grain of a democracy, particularly when it is both powerful and wealthy, to go through an emergency of unlimited duration." Surely this is one of the basic problems of democracy, and one that some Presidents have understood better than others. I would like to call to your attention the following passage from Volume I of Frank Freidel's biography of F.D.R.: "Roosevelt [then Assistant Secretary of the Navy] never forgot how once, early in his administration, Wilson told him, 'It is only once in a generation that a people can be lifted above material things. That is why conservative government is in the saddle two-thirds of the time.'"

Claire Knox
St. Louis

To the Editor: Colonel Nickerson sounds like a man who deserves a medal more than banishment to the Panama Canal. I am grateful to you for calling my attention to the prescient remarks he made about satellite launching almost a full month before the Russians sent up their first Sputnik. The whole Nickerson story obviously deserves more attention than it has received. You will make me even more grateful to *The Reporter* if you will dig into the story and let us all know what has been going on behind the façade of "pep talks" and pious reassurance.

C. R. Corwin
Miami

To the Editor: I must congratulate all concerned for your magnificent October 3 issue in which you scooped the whole United States on the meaning of the Sputnik—in advance of its advent! A truly great and unique public service.

You might be interested to know that *The Reporter's* articles constitute an incessant and absolutely indispensable basic source for my University of Michigan course on "The Background of Current World Affairs." You are doing a superb job. My cheers and thanks to everyone.

Leland Stowe
Ann Arbor

"THE FORGOTTEN FRONT"

To the Editor: The article on Korea by Charles Edmundson in your October 31 issue ("'Don't Make Korea Another China'") was very penetrating in revealing how our foreign-aid program works—or fails to work—and how Korean politics and economics stand at the moment.

Korea might move to the forefront of world politics again if we lost it to Communism by default and mismanagement. We tolerated a military stalemate, but there can be no stalemates in economics. Your work in helping refocus the spotlight of American attention on this very valiant nation might help prevent the future catastrophe, which seems to loom so near at times.

James Wade
Granite City, Illinois

To the Editor: Haven't we learned enough from our ordeal with Kuomintang allies and their lobbyists?

It is about time we aid needed nations wisely, but we should no longer waste our taxpayers' resources for overprivileged minority groups in Korea, while the Korean farmers (the real backbone of the war-torn land) struggle for survival.

My only reservation regarding Mr. Edmundson's excellent article (in the best tradition of *The Reporter*) is that he should have elaborated in his description of the operational structure of Rhee's Liberation Party (another Kuomintang on its own scale) in regard to ICA and UNKRA programs.

The politicians in the Liberation Party and Rhee himself have good reason to be on the alert against the possibility of arousing public opinion abroad (especially in this country), which will disapprove their monopolized graft practices, while their strong propaganda effort continues.

How long do we have to support those unscrupulous few through our meaningless appeasement policy?

C. F. Hanson
Sunnyvale, California

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To the Editor: Mr. Edmundson points out that in a deficit economy such as that of Korea, the local currency will always have a black-market value in excess of the official exchange rate. Then he blames President Syngman Rhee for foolishly insisting on the 500-1 rate for "the honor of Korea." On the basis of my many talks with President Rhee on this subject, I can assure you this is nonsense. He wants to maintain the 500-1 rate precisely because, whatever the rate is, there will *always* be a premium on dollars. Thus, if the rate should be switched to the black-market rate of 1,000-1, that rate would quickly shift further downward, perhaps to 1,500-1. In the process of devaluation, every consumer and every creditor (as Mr. Edmundson admits) would suffer. In other words, he blames Dr. Rhee for trying to stem the very evil of which he himself complains, and for using the very method that he himself appears to recommend. Other points deserve similar attention.

Let me conclude by saying I am flattered, but not swept off my feet, by his reference to the effective propaganda resources of the Republic of Korea in this country. I myself am the chief arm of this tremendous machine. I am also a full-time professor and department head at Penn State, doing what little I can to help explain Korean problems in my spare time. In sum, Mr. Edmundson's article is sensational but misleading. He should engage in worthier endeavors.

ROBERT T. OLIVER
The Korean Pacific Press
State College, Pennsylvania

Mr. Edmundson Replies

Although Mr. Oliver is critical of my article, he seems to me to be as little so as would be possible for the regularly retained public-relations counsel of the Republic of Korea to be. I consider it a compliment to my accuracy that he cites no actual errors of fact.

He says that I blame President Syngman Rhee for retaining the 500-1 exchange rate between the U.S. dollar and the hwan. This is not true. I carefully explained that a case may be made for retaining the 500-1 ratio under the scarcity-economy conditions prevailing in Korea. I did say, and I now repeat, that it is an immoral waste of U.S. aid funds to sell imported aid goods at prices based on the 500-1 rate when the buyers can and do reap an instant profit of up to 100 per cent without turning a hand.

TV HISTORY

To the Editor: Though we always read Marya Mannes's television comment with the greatest interest, we were of course especially fascinated by her discussion of our particular field. ("History While You Wait," *The Reporter*, October 31.)

As usual, her comment was intelligent and perceptive far beyond the ordinary run of television journalism. This article, like so many others by her, will certainly have a salutary effect in the continuing effort to improve the quality of American television.

RICHARD HANSER
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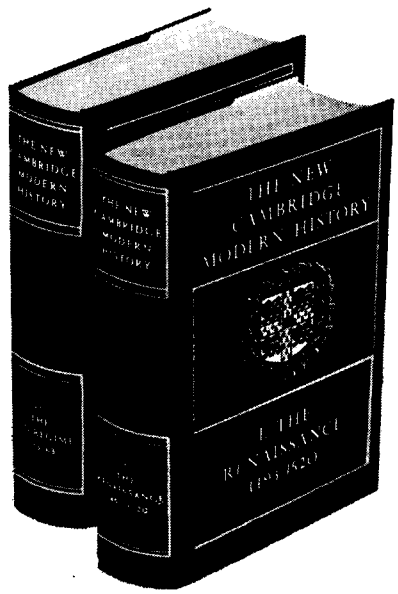

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITORIAL takes up the theme formulated in our issue of October 31 ("Thank You, Sputnik"). **Max Ascoli** asks: What should be done in order to set our system of alliances straight? In subsequent issues the problem of a new NATO and that of our relations with Russia will be taken up. . . . Our Asian system of alliances is not so strong, and most of the Asian nations that are still free from Communism are not so steady. The case of Thailand is described by **Darrell Berrigan,** editor of the *Bangkok World.* **Thomas R. Kenyon,** who knows Pakistan very well, tells what is going on in that peculiar country. The special difficulties facing Malaya are analyzed by **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist.

CONTRIBUTING Editor **Robert Bendiner** concludes that although our recent elections did not prove much of anything, they at least contributed to the demolition of a number of political myths. . . . From California, Staff Writer **Paul Jacobs** sends a firsthand report on serious trouble spots in our economy. . . . **Lawrence H. Berlin,** a Washington free-lance writer, has had a talk with an outer-space attorney. . . . **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European Correspondent, describes some of the sources of French vitality. . . . **Robert Strausz-Hupé,** Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, warns against putting too much emphasis on the single formula of limited warfare. . . . French generals and admirals have already learned this lesson well, as shown in the article by **Jean Planchais,** military expert for *Le Monde.* . . .

Albert Camus, winner of the 1957 Nobel Prize for literature, has been asked some searching questions about the position of the artist who accepts his political and moral responsibilities. The questions were put to him by **Jean Bloch-Michel,** also a distinguished novelist. An English translation of M. Camus's last novel, *The Fall,* has been published by Knopf. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is music editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Harris Green,** whose film criticism has appeared frequently in the Texas *Observer,* is now living in New York. . . . The contribution of **Charles M. Thayer,** author of *The Unquiet Germans* (Harper), is not only a book review but also a personal reminiscence. . . . **Richard Schickel** is on the staff of *Look* magazine. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** the distinguished professor of economics at Harvard, is an assiduous reader of contemporary novels.

The water color of Bangkok on our cover was painted by **Dong Kingman.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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First Things First

THESE ARE HARROWING yet delectable times. Everybody concerned with politics at the national or international level—political scientists on college campuses, statesmen or would-be statesmen on Capitol Hill, plus, of course, every writer and thinker whose primary interest is the welfare of the nation and mankind at large—literally every "opinion molder" has turned out to be a strategist. The molded minds react accordingly, and so it happens that in everyday conversations such terms as total or limited or conventional warfare, ICBM, IRBM, re-entry, and the like are currently used. The Churchillian phrase, balance of terror, has lost some of its impact, but the word "overkilling" casually thrown in can still cause raised eyebrows.

Lately, the emphasis has been on weaponry. Fortunately, some of the best theoretical brains in our midst were prepared to deal with new technologies and new weapons, since strategic doctrines had already become the object of a general debate prompted by the coming into existence of low-yield nuclear weapons. Echoing the Evangelical principle, one of these strategic doctrines proclaimed that the last, the humblest atomic weapons, shall be the first.

Maybe this is not a passing fad. Every civilization revolves around a basic science or discipline to which all others are tributary and dependent. In the Middle Ages it was theology. Later the role was assumed by a number of other disciplines, of which the last was economics. Now it is strategy: the guiding star is not Thomas Aquinas or Adam Smith but Karl von Clausewitz. We might be worse off, for Clausewitz was a theorist of considerable stature, and the current infatuation with strategy has sharpened the thinking of a few vigorous minds such as Henry Kissinger's.

Yet there is something ominous and somewhat alarming in the current conception of war. Instead of being, as Clausewitz put it, "a mere continuation of policy by other means," it is now centered on the means themselves and on their use. Thus strategy, the science of war, is reduced to weaponry, while diplomacy is reduced to something very close to propaganda. The emphasis on weaponry makes the conclusion almost inevitable that our salvation lies in the production of more and more weapons—a competitive production in which Russia is doing as well as we, and in some fields better.

We want to catch up with the Russians, and catch up we must; we want and we must produce weapons and celestial engines as good and better than those of the Russians. But if we bend our energies, as we must, on training a larger and larger number of better and better mathematicians and researchers in pure and impure science so that more and more weapons may be produced—when all this is done, we have satisfied less than one half of the Clausewitz equation. We have provided ourselves with the means, but where is the policy? Where is the diplomacy that only occasionally, according to Clausewitz, is continued by military means?

Strategy and weapons are not enough, and we must train our minds to see the purposes for which they can be used and above all how we can avoid using them and yet reach the intended aims. Or, to put it in somewhat less Clausewitzian terms, we cannot overcome our present difficulties by putting all our reliance on the old principle attributed to Harry Hopkins: spend and spend, tax and tax.

Just because of the extra large draughts of strategy and weaponry we have had to gulp lately, a clear reformulation of our diplomacy is imperative.

THE MOST striking thing about reformulating our diplomacy is that everything has been formulated—sometimes eloquently, sometimes with vaporous vagueness. All the right things that could be said have been said to a point where listening becomes a punishment. We have heard everything one can hear about interdependence and the system of alliances and bulwarks. Most of what we have been told is absolutely and literally true: that the survival and well-being of our nation is inextricably tied to that of other nations—and for reasons that go well beyond the need for foreign raw materials or for airbases. But the spirit has gone out of all these verities. They have been debased by merciless unthinking repetition and by inadequate or perfunctory action.

Our opponents, too, strangely enough, are suffering

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a similar disease. Their Marxist-Leninist verbiage does not carry—not in the lands the Kremlin controls, and not even remotely as it used to in foreign countries. Such expressions as dictatorship of the proletariat, withering away of the state, or peace-loving democracy have acquired a more tedious and soporific quality than sacredness of the individual, unbreakable bonds of alliances, or peace founded on justice, freedom, and liberty. The Russians have the lead on us in keeping spent ideas spinning around the earth. The advantage, however, lies with us, for ours are truths, and truths can be soiled and flattened, but never quite spent. Moreover, the people under Communism just cannot help using the Marxist-Leninist lingo. On our side, there are quite a number of men who, no matter how hard pressed, would never consent to talk Dullesese.

Real and Honorary Alliances

How many times have we been told by our leaders about our imposing network of alliances and mutual-defense agreements that tie, as Secretary Dulles put it recently, some fifty nations together? The President, in the second of his science and security speeches, reduced the countries to which we are linked by military-assistance agreements to forty-two. The number of countries we have pledged to protect from Communist attack is actually rather indefinite, for it includes, whether they like it or not, all nations within range of the Eisenhower Doctrine, plus those with which we have no bonds of alliance but with whose defense we are vitally concerned because of our airbases. The Baghdad Pact presents a special case, since we are united to it by a morganatic bond.

Altogether, the number of all these direct and indirect commitments is alarmingly great—particularly considering that some time we might be asked to deliver. The actual expenditures of American money that this implies should certainly be the object of close scrutiny by Congress and by the press, for these are times of vastly increasing military appropriation and savage cuts of allocations for domestic needs—cuts the administration charitably entrusts to a Democratic Congress. It is scarcely conceivable that we can go on footing at the present rate the bill for Korea, Formosa, or Pakistan. Many more bills could be mentioned: those for the arms sent to the sister American republics, for instance, and to assorted bulwarks of democratic freedom in Asia.

Far more ominous is the fact that whenever we bind ourselves to a tottering, rickety country, we give Moscow or Peking one more temptation to try out how serious our guarantee against Communist aggression or penetration actually is. Formosa is a typical example: we might have forgotten it now, but by assuming responsibility for Quemoy and Matsu, the administration has put a trigger very close to the Communist finger. Mao's temptation to pull the trigger is likely to be greater the weaker Chiang Kai-shek's régime becomes.

Yet our President and our Secretary of State never stop reciting homilies about our system of alliances and our allies, as if each system were as good as another, SEATO as vital to us as NATO, Formosa as mighty a bastion as Britain. At a recent press conference, the Secretary of State declared that it "would be overambitious at the present time" to put together all our alliances and all our allies in one big happy family of nations, all equal and free. To the President, however, goes the credit for having stated most candidly the principle of the equivalence of all alliances. At a recent press conference, when asked what he hoped to accomplish in Paris, he answered that "the reason of my prompt acceptance is that my experience at Panama last year in meeting with heads of government convinced me that there is much to be accomplished in awakening interest . . ." etc. At Panama, the presidents of the American republics accomplished absolutely nothing. No wonder European heads of government are fidgety and ill-tempered these days.

The result of including all our alliances and all our allies in a large embrace of indiscriminate good will has been to achieve one more verification of Gresham's Law. If the principle of interdependence among allied nations is to become as vigorous and articulate as it was at the time when NATO was first founded, new priorities must be established as to the worth of each alliance to us as well as to each ally. The present promiscuous, limp setup must be re-examined, item by item—and the re-examination must be multilateral. The bonds of togetherness that tie us to other countries can again become both effective and viable if we establish a hierarchy of togethernesses.

THERE was a time when NATO had promise. But then our leaders started playing with imitation NATO's all around the Soviet orbit, driven by a passion for symmetry that was not dampened by the patent weakness of some of the bastions on which the would-be or phony NATO's rested. Some of them had the problematic value of a dental set resting on a few cavity-ridden teeth. Things went so far that the union of American republics came to be considered as a pre-NATO model for NATO.

Fortunately, there is still some life left in NATO—and we need NATO now infinitely more than when it was founded. We cannot face the Russians with a diplomacy and a strategy adequate to the danger they have brought upon us if we do not develop a diplomacy and a strategy of the NATO community as a whole. In fact, we can let the recent feverish outburst of strategic thinking subside for a while, since there is a most urgent, overwhelming test ahead for our diplomacy: the new NATO must be brought into being.

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Thailand:

New Cast, Same Play

DARRELL BERRIGAN

BANGKOK

IN THE EARLY HOURS of the morning of September 17, a nervous colonel called at the homes of the U.S. and British ambassadors here to assure them that Thailand's foreign policy would remain unchanged. The assurance was needed. The army, under Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, its commander in chief, had just occupied the city and overthrown the pro-West government of Field Marshal Pibul Songgram. And nobody knew just where Marshal Sarit stood in the East-West struggle for the hearts and minds of Asians.

For a long time, although his ninety-thousand-man army was supported by U.S. aid and backed up by the other Southeast Asia Treaty Organization powers, it had appeared that Marshal Sarit was not wholly sympathetic to the West and might even favor neutralism and a greater orientation toward the Communist powers.

But during the long struggle for power in which Sarit had been involved, both the field marshal and his rivals had played politics with leftist leaders who obviously didn't like the United States and its policies, so that it had become extremely difficult to guess exactly where either Sarit or his enemies stood at any given moment. The Left was a weapon—two-edged as it turned out—that all of them had used.

Pibul Upsets the Balance

Field Marshal Sarit is a stocky, blunt man, once well-fleshed but now wasted by a liver ailment. He led a Bangkok regiment that played a strategic part in the *coup d'état* of 1947 that brought back to power Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, who had been prime minister during the wartime Japanese alliance. Sarit was rewarded by promotion from major to field marshal, and was made commander in chief of the army and minister of defense. He and General Phao Sriyanond divided the military power of the country between them, the latter taking over and building up the thirty-thousand-man police force, which he equipped with armored cars, helicopters, and automatic weapons.

Rivalry between Phao and Sarit goes back to their school days, when Sarit was always top man and Phao always ranked just below him. For years their rivalry was confined to nongovernmental affairs. Both entered business on a large scale, becoming board chairmen of banks, commercial concerns, and factories. Marshal Sarit ran the rich national lottery. They both owned newspapers. And they both saw that their followers were placed in as many positions of influence as possible. In this last, General Phao seemed to excel.

When Marshal Pibul returned from the United States and Europe in the summer of 1955 and introduced *prachathipatai*—his version of democracy—the rivalry came into the open and began to have repercussions throughout the country. Marshal Pibul's problem was to keep the two balanced against each other without letting either get strong enough to take over. The task proved too much even for a master politician like Pibul, and it was a miscalculation on his part that led to his downfall and, according to one of his ministers, created the antagonism Sarit was said to have developed for the United States.

Two years ago, according to the minister, General Phao, with United States help, tried to oust Sarit from command of the army and take over himself. When Pibul heard of it he moved quickly to prevent the ambitious police general from becoming too big to handle. He stripped him of power in the political and financial fields and left him dependent upon the prime minister for survival. Unfortunately for Pibul, he cut General Phao down too far and upset the balance of power. From that moment onward, for almost two years, the prime minister directed a good deal of his energy toward trying to build Phao back up to a point where he could again provide a counter to the now-ascendant Commander in Chief Sarit.

The Evolution of Resentment

The United States became inextricably involved in the struggle that followed. In the effort to placate the leftist group, whom Sarit's followers appeared to be winning over, even Pibul and Phao seemed willing to bite the hand that was feeding them. As for Sarit, he alone may have had a logical reason for resenting United States influence, despite the fact that his army was dependent for its modernity upon American aid.

It may have been Phao's reported attempt to oust him with American connivance that soured Sarit on the United States. Or it may have been any of a number of other incidents which made it appear that the United States was fated, not without a helping hand from Pibul, always to stand in Sarit's path.

A couple of years ago the field marshal announced that he wanted an army twice its present size. United States aid was, of course, to finance it. But JUSMAG (Joint United States Military Advisory

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Group) officials here let it be known that they considered the present army sufficient and the country incapable of supporting a larger one. Sarit grumpily announced, "We will pay for it ourselves," but the army didn't expand.

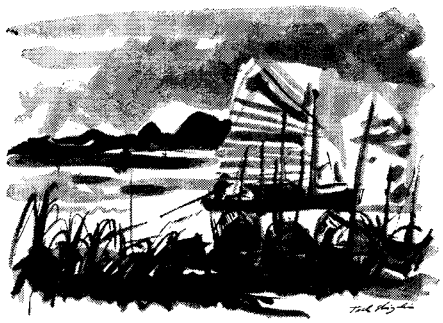
Late last year, the army fuel-oil department campaigned, mainly through Sarit's two popular newspapers but with the willing help of the predominantly leftist press, for permission to compete with the "imperialist" American and British oil companies on the domestic market. This was followed by a campaign that seemed dear to Sarit's heart, to build a large refinery at Farng, Thailand's only oil field, in order to free his army from dependence upon foreign supplies. When a committee reported that reserves were insufficient to warrant the construction of a large refinery, Sarit's newspapers, with the leftist press joining in, pointed out that the head of the committee was an American and wrote up the whole affair as another attempt to prevent Thailand from freeing itself of its dependence upon American imperialists.

When the government was negotiating with the World Bank, which many Thais think is a purely American institution, for a loan to build a power and irrigation dam at Yanhee on the Ping River, Marshal Sarit put forward a plan for a smaller power project to supply an immediate source of electricity for power-hungry Bangkok. The World Bank said Sarit's dam would cancel the value of the Yanhee project and refused to make a loan for the larger dam if it was carried through. Sarit angrily took up the challenge and said that Thailand would build its own dam with its own money. As head of the lucrative national lottery, he announced a new five-dollar draw, half the price of each ticket to go into prize money and the other half to give the buyer a share in the power company. As dearly as the Thais love lotteries, this one didn't go over, and the project had to be abandoned. The Yanhee dam was decided upon, a World Bank loan was negotiated, and Sarit refunded the lottery money.

Even in the political field the United States seemed always to be in Sarit's way. During his life-and-death struggle with his old colleague Phao, the American cloak-and-dagger, CIA-sponsored SEA (Southeast Asia) Supply Corporation was furnishing General Phao's armylike border patrol with weapons and his secret police with cash rumored to be used for purely political ends.

IT WOULD be hard to say how much of what appeared in Marshal Sarit's newspapers reflected the army chief's reported resentment against the United States. Even if he was only partially in favor of their editorial policies, he couldn't have had much love for Americans.

His two newspapers, *Sarn Seri* and *Thai Raiwan,* gave banner-headline play to every unfavorable incident involving an American. Dutchmen and Danes and other *farangs* changed their nationalities overnight to suit the paper's policies. The United States was blamed for making Thai soldiers insolent. Even JUSMAG, the main support of Sarit's army, was attacked as an instrument of "dollar imperialism" and its members



were chastised for throwing their weight around and humiliating Thais. USOM (United States Overseas Mission), whose counterpart funds were made to appear a drain on Thailand's resources, was accused of attempting to prevent the country from developing its industry. SEATO was presented as another instrument of American colonialism, draining the wealth of the nation and threatening Thailand's neighbors by giving the United States bases here (although there were no bases).

What troubled western diplomats even more was the newspapers' advocacy of Red China's cause in the United Nations, and their insistence that Thailand should be permitted to trade with Peking (which it already did, except in strategic goods), receive Red Chinese and Soviet "stringless aid," and join India and Burma in neutral amity with all countries and especially with Red China and Russia.

Sarit's papers were not alone in their affection for the Reds and distaste for Americans. The rest of the press, with very few exceptions, pitched in with enthusiasm.

The campaign, linked as it was with the attempt to oust Pibul and Phao, had its effect in the universities, where strong leftist cells were planted and political action started, and in labor groups. It has left its marks on the general public, too, although the feeling toward individual Americans seems unchanged.

Pote and Peacemaking

For all these reasons, when Field Marshal Sarit's tanks rolled into Bangkok and sent Marshal Pibul fleeing into Cambodia, there was need to send an emissary to the U.S. and British ambassadors to reassure them. And there was need for positive action to give weight to the reassurances. The military junta began dumping its leftist friends and withdrawing its support for leftist ideas almost immediately.

Under the constitution, the national assembly can be dissolved by the king—Sarit had the monarch dissolve it immediately after the coup—but it must be replaced by an election within ninety days. Therefore, the king appointed 123 "second-category" members, as is permitted under the constitution, who promptly chose as prime minister Pote Sarasin, former ambassador to the United States and later secretary general of SEATO. Pote called for elections and promised, during his ninety-day term, to support SEATO, continue American aid, and, in short, follow approximately the same foreign policy as before.

When disappointed reporters, whose papers headlined the policy as "the same old thing," asked Marshal Sarit hopefully for a comment on Pote's policy, the field marshal, now supreme commander of all the armed forces, smiled and said, "The prime minister made a very good statement, didn't he?"

With Sarit's blessing, the new government made its peace with the various organizations maintained in Thailand by the United States. Even

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SEA Supply, after some backtracking and rationalization, was kept on, but under the auspices of USOM and, for the moment at least, minus its cloak-and-dagger aspect.

The Yanhee Dam, too, had begun to look like a good thing. After Pote ordered a hearing on its virtues, the government decided to go ahead with the project.

The press, including Marshal Sarit's two newspapers, was not happy at the turn of events. The Americans still took a beating in its columns. However, a recent government statement warned newspapers which it claimed were receiving Communist support that unless they stopped propagating Communist ideas the government would take action under the powers given it by martial law, which has been in force since the coup and will probably remain in force in the capital until the elections of December 15.

Late in October, the government announced through its spokesman General Surachit Charuserani that the Pibul government "had done very little to make the people understand what we take from other countries." He promised that the Pote government "will make the truth known to the people without having to throw dirt on the opposition." He especially referred, he said, to the assistance given Thailand by the United States.

He also promised, as Pote had before him, that the importance of SEATO would be impressed upon the people. Further, the people would have American aid funds explained to them, because the United States had contributed $347 million against Thailand's $23 million in counterpart funds. General Surachit said, "We should be sorry that we have made the United States a wrong target of criticism."

ILL AND RESTING at a seaside resort, Marshal Sarit was obviously speaking through his aides. Responsibility had come with power. But along the way ideas had been planted in the minds of a lot of people. Whoever takes over after the December 15 elections will have to cope with the leftist movement, which, during the long fight for power, was encouraged by the very men who now must strive to control it.

Pakistan: A Land In Search of Nationality

THOMAS R. KENYON

WHEN Ismail Ibrahim Chundrigar took over in mid-October as the new prime minister of Pakistan, he made a point of emphasizing his country's intention to stick by its alliances and to continue its cooperation with the West. This statement was only mildly reassuring to Pakistan's worried western friends, who are not so much concerned over Pakistan's attitude toward East and West as over the Pakistanis' attitude toward Pakistan itself.

A discerning Pakistani once described the problem that his country faced as being the precise opposite of the historic one of the Jews: The Jews regarded themselves as a nation but were deprived of recognition as such because they had no base. The Pakistanis had a base and the world recognized their status as a nation, but the Pakistanis themselves were loath to accept it.

This rejection of the fundamental premises of nationality is much more than an attitude to be found in the bazaars and over the countryside; it is also evident in places of high authority. It was, indeed, a major factor in the events surrounding the ouster of the preceding prime minister, Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy. Suhrawardy, who had seemed on the verge of exercising effective national leadership, was removed by men who were themselves unable to exercise such leadership but were nonetheless determined that no one else should.

As a result, Pakistan today looks less and less like a going concern politically, and therefore is becoming an increasingly unstable partner of the West. The conditions underlying this situation go back to Pakistan's provincial rivalries and divisions, to its negative political combinations and party deals, and to the new constitution of the country itself.

THE TWENTY-MONTH-OLD constitution set up a federal structure of government, with powers distributed among a central capital at Karachi and two provincial capitals —at Lahore, in West Pakistan, and Dacca, a thousand miles away in East Pakistan. The form is parliamentary. At the center, formal executive power is vested in a president. In general, he is supposed to function as ceremonial chief of

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state, as the neutral guardian of national authority above partisan contention. The effective executive authority rests in a cabinet headed by a prime minister who must command majority support in the National Assembly.

In each province, a governor chosen by national authority exercises formal powers analogous to those of the president; and a cabinet, headed by a chief minister, has working authority, subject to support by a majority of the Provincial Assembly.

The provisions of the constitution are not yet in full force. Though the charter envisages popular elections at an unspecified future date, this prospect is showing a tendency to recede. Meanwhile, the authority of the national legislature is vested on a caretaker basis in the Constituent Assembly, made over into a provisional National Assembly. Every office, in fact, still rests on a provisional basis—president, prime minister, cabinet, and provincial governors and legislatures as well.

President Mirza, No Figurehead

Meanwhile, a flaw in the constitutional arrangement has had a considerable effect on the presidency. To ensure a disinterested presidential arbiter, it would have been prudent to limit him to one term. Instead, the constitution permits re-election and opens the temptation for a president to become a competitor in the political process over which he is supposed to hover as impartial guardian. The fathers of the Pakistan constitution were not worried about this at the time of drafting. They cited the example of India, where the possibility of re-election had not tempted the president into the partisan arena against Prime Minister Nehru. The Pakistanis failed to see that Nehru's unchallenged prestige served as a guarantee against presidential ambition. Pakistan has no Nehru. In addition, its own president, Iskander Mirza, is not at all disposed to play the role of a mere figurehead.

Mirza makes perfectly clear his preference for broad presidential authority following the American model, and is bent on pursuing it no matter what the constitution says about it. He has considerable ability and, at close quarters, charm. The marks of a varied background are deep on him. His princely family tradition is reflected in his aloofness in public. Sandhurst and service in the British cavalry account for his erect bearing. Years in the British political service, governing restless tribesmen in the northwest, have given him an oversimplified concept of government as consisting mainly in pacifying troublemakers. He has also mastered the technique of divide and rule.

His experience as a bureaucrat in the ministry of defense shows in his firm grasp of administration and of strategic factors. He is a mixed and uneven man. He inveighs against politicians as if unaware that he is a thoroughgoing political infighter himself. He denies and decries ambition—a contradiction in one who has propelled himself so fast so far. He is self-consciously a strong-man type, yet addicted to verbalizing his strength. Pakistanis have two sayings about him in this respect. One is that only a man on horseback could espouse so many horseback opinions. Another is that Mirza has swallowed the strongest words ever uttered in Pakistan.

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY with the adoption of the new constitution in March, 1956, a new political group came into being in West Pakistan—the Republican Party. Its scarcely concealed progenitor was President Mirza, and its intention was to destroy and to supplant the veteran Moslem League as a political force. These Republicans were the president's men, and the president was their man.

The Moslem League had seemed content to rest on the prestige of association with the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah and Liaquat Ali Khan and to claim political preferment as a matter of right belonging to the movement that had brought forth Pakistan, rather than as a prize to be won in free competition. In East Pakistan, with its politically articulate masses, the Moslem League had lost its grip in the spring elections of 1954. In West Pakistan—politically more inert than East Pakistan, and still dominated by landlords—the Moslem League remained ascendant. Its rolls still numbered, in such names as Sardar Abdur Rab Nishtar and Chundrigar, potential challengers for the presidency of Pakistan.

The ensuing competition between the president's paladins and the Moslem League led to a rough equilibrium in West Pakistan. A casualty of this interparty warfare was the then prime minister, Chaudri Mohammed Ali, a financial technician and bureaucrat inadequate in the role of a political leader. A loyal Moslem Leaguer, yet involved to some extent in carrying out the president's political purposes, he got caught in the line of fire in the no

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man's land of a political battlefield he had no wish to be on.

In his thirteen months as prime minister, Chaudri Mohammed Ali had reportedly more than once thought of resigning in protest against encroachments upon his authority from the presidential palace. His dismay at finding his resignation accepted in the fall of 1956 must have been mixed with relief, for he was then a man sick in spirit as well as in body. He retired from the scene and went abroad to ponder the paradoxes of politics.

Suhrawardy, the Man from Bengal

In picking a successor for the prime ministry, President Mirza now performed a turnabout that was to produce a dramatic though brief interlude of Pakistani strength and unity. The year before, he had flatly vetoed the elevation to that post of Shaheed Suhrawardy, a formidable Bengali leader then backed by the Moslem League. Now he accepted him.

Suhrawardy, in his middle sixties, is a man of prodigious energy that makes his frail health seem inconsequential and keeps him hard at work sixteen, eighteen, sometimes twenty-four hours at a stretch. His natural political skill is such that in a still-new nation where shortage of talent makes most officials seem out of their depth, Suhrawardy obviously measured up to his high rank. He has a courage that enables him to stand his ground and a capacity to change his opinions that is unusual in a man of his age. A western observer who has spent most of his life in Asia remarked to me: "He still has all his old weaknesses, but they are the weaknesses now of a great man."

Suhrawardy also understood the rule of law. This, even more than any notion of strategic or economic advantage for his country, seemed to impel him in his preference for the West. It was also bound to become a cause of trouble for a prime minister determined to fulfill the political leadership implicit in his title. It would be as hard to imagine Suhrawardy putting up with the status of puppet as it would be to imagine President Mirza content with that of figurehead.

The Suhrawardy cabinet was a restless coalition in which Republicans held half the portfolios but were convinced that their political strength entitled them to even more. This jealousy was aggravated by the West Pakistanis' scorn for Bengalis. President Mirza kept them in reluctant harness.

The Mirza-Suhrawardy combination was certainly not based on personal attraction. The two men were inherently antipathetic as well as different in origin, outlook, tastes, and in their concepts of their offices. Yet certain pragmatic urges held them together. From diverse premises, they evolved common views about Pakistan's relationship to the outside world. Each in his way tended to think in truly national terms beyond the limits of provincial boundaries—a rare thing among Pakistani politicians.

States' Rights vs. National Integrity

In a nation so deficient in political will and talent, it is better to have two such men pull together than apart. Most of those hoping for national stability wanted the combination to last a long time—at least until the promised national elec-

tions. Yet they had their doubts, especially in view of the difficulty of the role of a prime minister working in combination with a party that had special claim upon a supposedly neutral chief of state.

For a few months the combination seemed to flourish. Yet barely one year later the promising pro-western prime minister was out. To understand why this came about, one must look back at the Republicans' efforts to become pre-eminent in West Pakistan.

A somewhat rootless collection of politicians held together not by any program but by the ambitions they shared with the president, the Republicans had failed to muster a majority by the time they had to face the Provincial Assembly at Lahore in March, 1957. The Republican ministers fled the chamber rather than face the impending defeat. Against them was an apparent majority consisting of the Moslem League and a small group of malcontents known as the National Party—a patent misnomer, since its common principle was a rejection of the nationhood of Pakistan.

This majority, out to overthrow the Republicans, was a purely negative combination unworthy of being recognized as a basis for an alternative government in Lahore. On the premise that there was no available majority capable of governing, parliamentary government was suspended in the province. This marked a victory for the prime minister's view of how to deal with the matter, in contrast to that of the president, who would have preferred giving the Republicans another chance to recruit a majority.

In July, when the prime minister was away in the United States on a state visit, the Republicans struck hard for that other chance, and they persuaded President Mirza to give it to them while Suhrawardy's back was turned. The traveling prime minister even went along with the fiction that he had actually been consulted. The alternative would have been to resign at once—to the embarrassment of his own country, of the country he was visiting, and of himself.

Restored to office at Lahore, the Republicans faced anew the fact that they simply were not the majority party. A new legislative session was due. What were they to do? It seemed to them that an extreme remedy was called for.

It took the form of a deal with the National Party disunionists. First the West Pakistan governor, who had indicated his intention of forming a Moslem League government in his

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province if the Republicans failed, left office under a cloud of obscure and unproven charges of connivance with the Indians over a border issue. Now the way was open to save the Republican ministry at Lahore, but at the price of supporting the malcontents' aim of dissolving the newly created structure of amalgamated West Pakistan and thus the national integrity.

The background of this perverse, almost suicidal drive is confused and complex. At the time of partition from India, East Pakistan was one province whereas West Pakistan consisted of several—Sind, Khairpur, Bahawalpur, the Punjab, the North-West Frontier Province, Baluchistan, and some princely states. A majority of the people—about fifty-five per cent—lived in the one province of East Pakistan.

This meant that there was a ticklish question of political representation, for if it were to be placed on a population basis among the provinces, East Pakistan would have more political weight than all the others combined. The West Pakistanis are reluctant—a mild word for it—to submit to an eastern, Bengali majority. This had been a factor in the destruction in October, 1954, of the first Constituent Assembly. That in turn paved the way for a new approach: the amalgamation of West Pakistan into what came to be known as "One Unit," and, as a consequence, parity of representation between the consolidated western province and its counterpart in the east.

The Fight for 'One Unit'

The undoing of "One Unit" is a perfect formula for those who want to undo the nationhood of Pakistan. Concurrence in the formula of breaking West Pakistan into its ancient linguistic divisions was the price that had to be paid in Lahore by the president's men last September for retaining offices to which they had been prematurely and unwisely restored in the preceding July.

Prime Minister Suhrawardy himself, as law minister in an earlier cabinet, had introduced the bill for "One Unit" and gotten his fellow Bengalis to accept parity of western representation. In September, 1957, "One Unit" had become an integral part of the constitution for which, as prime minister, he had become the principal caretaker. Suhrawardy felt therefore that it was his duty to fight to save it.

It seemed high time to make a stand anyway. The restoration of

the Republican ministry at Lahore and the consequent attempt to undo "One Unit" had both been done behind Suhrawardy's back; now he had been pushed into giving his reluctant consent to firing the West Pakistan governor. As he saw it, his colleagues in the coalition had readier access to the presidential palace than he did, even on questions within a prime minister's jurisdiction. There was a point beyond which he could not retreat as chief of government.

Returning from a triumphal homecoming tour of East Pakistan, the prime minister got the president, temporarily contrite, to concur in a joint statement that upheld the national integrity as against the destroyers of "One Unit." The statement, obviously in Suhrawardy's language, implicitly separated the president from his own party followers.

A few days later, the prime minister set out on the first part of a two-stage campaign through West Pakistan to counter the forces of disintegration. He also had another purpose: to extricate himself from the now defunct coalition with the Republicans by trying to rally a wider parliamentary consensus on the basis of upholding the national integrity. The crowds and the press responded warmly.

The prospect that the prime minister was becoming a national leader was intolerable to those who were themselves incapable of exercising national leadership but who feared it in others. The Republican leaders descended on the palace with a demand: The Bengali must go. The president had once declared that in a showdown between his obligations to his prime minister and his obligations to his friends he would stand by the former. But that wasn't the way it turned out. The prime minister went.

Suspending the Rules

Suhrawardy made a final request, logical and proper under a parliamentary system. He asked for a session of the National Assembly in order to test his strength. Undoubtedly he would have won and thereby achieved a new and sounder coalition. It would have destroyed the Republican Party and made Suhrawardy a national leader. The president apparently added it up this way too. He said "No." In effect, the prime minister had said he could win by the rules, and the president had replied that they were not playing by the rules.

Subsequently the president had second thoughts, but negotiations to revive the Suhrawardy tenure broke down on the issue of who should eat crow and how much. In the end, Suhrawardy's ouster stuck. Suhrawardy, in opposition, is now demanding the president's impeachment.

The Republicans have had to turn to a deal with the Moslem League, which they had once set out to obliterate. A coalition of sorts has been rigged up.

Almost no one expects it to last long or to be able to solve Pakistan's urgent problems. The coalition has taken a somewhat ambiguous stand on preserving "One Unit," saying they would keep it until national elections. A weak element, from the standpoint of national unity, is the West Pakistani dominance. East Pakistan, where the national ma-

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jority lives is predominantly in opposition.

The immediate aftermath to the Suhrawardy ouster brought a small clash between demonstrators and police in Karachi, a ban on all public gatherings to forestall demonstrations in West Pakistan, and a surprisingly effective one-day general strike in East Pakistan. The significance of these events is hard to appraise, but without question there has been an erosion of confidence in the government.

The Price of Being Right

The thirteen months of Suhrawardy's tenure were not an unmixed success, but he did manage to project a national image of Pakistan on the same level as India's. He spoke with the credentials of a prime minister elevated by the force of his political talents rather than as a puppet of the palace. This was a factor of great importance both at home and abroad, especially when Pakistan's leadership was called upon to salvage the Baghdad Pact after the Suez debacle. He apparently created a popular base for the country's foreign policy, hitherto the preserve of a few ministers. He went before the people with assurance and lowered the barriers between them and their government.

To be sure, he spent too much time on missions abroad. In a cabinet of mediocrities, he tried to do too much himself, and did not get it all done. Economic development lagged. So did education. Inflation got worse—and along with it corruption, its inseparable companion. Yet Suhrawardy was forced out not for deficiencies and wrongs but for being effectively right on an issue basic to the nation.

"CAN YOU NAME two men prominent in the politics of Pakistan of whom you are willing to predict with practical certainty what their political relationship will be six months from now?" a wise Indian politician once asked. The question is difficult to answer. "That," he continued, "multiplied by hundreds and thousands of instances, means the negation of nationality."

Therein lies the weakness of Pakistan. The Indians count on it and await their day.

Malaya: Merdeka And a Chinese Puzzle

DENIS WARNER

KUALA LUMPUR

THE FIERCE STORMS from the Strait of Malacca that sweep across the steaming jungle belt separating Kuala Lumpur from the sea have already begun to erode the gleaming paintwork that was used to brighten up the city's face for independence on August 31. But independence itself is still fresh and untarnished, an unfamiliar and gleaming possession that its owners are handling with delicate care. There has been a teacup storm over the ministers' plumed white ceremonial hats because they smacked a bit too much of the British Colonial Office uniforms; it has been decided, much to the regret of many, to discontinue the official use of titles and honors bestowed by the British monarchy; and there has been some opposition to the conclusion of a defense treaty with Great Britain, under which British and other Commonwealth forces will be based in Malaya. But in general the slogan of the new management is "Business as Usual," and the gracefulness of the British withdrawal has been matched by grateful acknowledgments, as sincere as they are unusual in these days when in so many Asian capitals the colonial spectre stalks long after its physical being has disappeared.

How long this happy state of affairs will continue is anybody's guess. But for the present at least several factors contribute to a sane and evolutionary process of independent government. One is the postwar British policy that recognized, however reluctantly, the inevitability of Malayan independence; a second is the unique racial relationship, conflicting yet interactive, that developed Malaya; a third is the peninsula's indigenous wealth.

Malaya is only about the size of New York State, and four-fifths of it is virgin jungle. Nevertheless it provides the United States with fourteen per cent of its imports from the sterling area. By Asian standards, it is an exceedingly rich country. There are hotheads who would like to nationalize the British mines and estates and throw out the Chinese. But there are also more perceptive Malays, and they seem to be a majority, who appreciate that British capital and Chinese enterprise can continue to contribute profitably to Malaya's future development.

Tin Town at the Landing Place

Much of the modern history of Malaya is wrapped up in the story of Kuala Lumpur. A century ago a party of eighty-seven Chinese followed the course of the swirling, brown waters of the Klang River to a *kuala lumpur*, or muddy landing place, in a bowl-shaped depression among the jungle-covered hills of the Malay state of Selangor.

Within a month, malaria had struck down all but eighteen. These survivors, attracted by rich deposits of tin, stayed on, and around them grew first the village and then the town that today has become the capital of the sovereign State of Malaya. Kuala Lumpur's tin supplies are still not exhausted, and the men who own the hungry dredges that have chewed up hundreds of acres around the town, turning the countryside into a patchwork of jungle green and clay yellow, still think covetously about the metal that lies under the rows of Chinese shop-houses in the center of the city. Tin almost took priority over town when the Korean War sent prices soaring.

The British came to Kuala Lumpur on the heels of the Chinese, carrying their official "protection" to the warring sultans of Selangor and the eight other Malay States. They built fine bungalows on the hills, where they could catch the afternoon breeze. A now-forgotten draftsman in the public-works depart-

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ment, doubtless in deference to the Moslem religion, produced the baroque, Moorish-looking arches and spires of the government offices, topping them with a clock that chimed first at midnight on May 24, 1896, to celebrate Queen Victoria's seventy-seventh birthday.

Modern Kuala Lumpur, with a population of 320,000, mostly Chinese, is a cross between an English village (complete with cricket green), an illustration out of the Arabian Nights, and a Chinese market town.

FOR YEARS after the Second World War, this was a frontier town. The train journey through the rubber and jungle lands from Singapore was, quite literally, a do-or-die venture, and visitors by road came with Sten and Bren guns ready in cars hung with armor plate.

These days, the guns have disappeared, armor plate has given place to the chromium of the planters' new American automobiles, and the air-conditioned night mail train from Singapore no longer even bothers to warn passengers to lie on the floor in the event of attack by Communist guerrillas.

Near the first "muddy landing place" in the center of Kuala Lumpur there is little evidence of early town planning. Curving streets run haphazardly from the center like the spokes of a twisted wheel. Here are the Chinese shop-houses, with dried cuttlefish and long-necked ducks hanging on strings at the entrances and the spaces inside crowded with barrels of rice, peanuts, dried mushrooms, red and green chilies, and spices. Beyond, where the streets are straight and orderly, the British-owned department stores stand side by side, seeming prim and rather aloof from the hustle-bustle of the sidewalks.

The cultural center is the Happy World—by day a shoddy, dilapidated, and hideously unattractive collection of weatherboard and corrugated iron; by night a fantastic fairground, with amplifiers blaring, lights blazing, stalls with Japanese gimcrackery, taxi dance halls, shooting galleries, and Chinese restaurants and theaters.

Although Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman is trying to keep quiet about it, the latest census has shattered the Malay myth that the Chinese will indefinitely remain a minority race. The government has not dared publish a racial breakdown of the census because it would reveal that many hitherto counted as Malays are, in fact, illegal Indonesian immigrants and that the Chinese birth rate is increasing faster than the Malays'. This would make unpleasant and perhaps inflammatory reading for the many Malays who feel that the new constitution makes too many concessions to the Chinese anyway. Of Malaya's population of 6,277,000, the Malays probably number less than three million compared with nearly two and a half million Chinese, a Malay advantage that time and the virile Chinese will certainly whittle down.

The Road to Merdeka

Tengku Abdul Rahman is often as impolitic as he is cheerful. He lacks all knowledge of finance. His understanding of his Southeast Asian neighbors is limited. But his call to the bar of the Inner Temple in

1950, after twenty-five years of gentle dissipation and little study, brought out unsuspected talents. One of them is leadership. He has more influence with the Malays than any other man in the country, and it was due to his efforts more than anything else that anti-Chinese sentiment among the more hot-headed Malays was controlled. Rahman toured the country, talking to the people in remote villages and explaining that Malaya had won independence only because of the alliance between the United Malay National Organization and the Malayan Chinese Association—an alliance which, to the surprise of the British, won fifty-one out of the fifty-two elective seats in the legislative council in 1955 and thus, with a sufficient majority to govern, if need be against the votes of British-nominated members, greatly accelerated the grant of independence.

Rahman's claim was justified. Perhaps the British weren't trying to turn the clock back, but the perennial Whitehall argument that the fight against the Communist insurgents should be settled before independence was granted indicated that they were not exactly falling over themselves to get out of Malaya.

The Federation Agreement of February 1, 1948, made with the approval of the Malay rulers, brought the old Federated and Unfederated Malay States and the Settlements of Penang and Malacca together under the central authority of the British High Commissioner in Kuala Lumpur. It was only a first, and very tentative, step toward self-government. The legislative council set up under the constitution of that time provided for the nomination of all seventy-five members, of whom twenty-five were "officials" and fifty "unofficials."

A more definite but still tentative move came in 1951, when General (now Field Marshal) Sir Gerald Templer was high commissioner. Partly to identify the local population more closely with the struggle against the Communists, leading figures in the legislative council became in effect nominated ministers carrying responsibility for the main functions of government. Although this arrangement provided useful administrative experience for potential cabinet ministers, Whitehall still needed to be convinced that Malaya was ready not only for self-government but for full independence. That conviction came with Rahman's sweeping election victory in July, 1955, and the unanimity of the Merdeka (Freedom) mission he led to London in January, 1956.

The Nonpolitical Alliance

The government which Rahman now heads is unique in character. Its member units are not political parties in the usual sense of the word but communal groups that sprang from diverse and conflicting motives and later buried their differences to wrest independence from the British. The United Malay Na-

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tional Organization, of which Rahman is president, controls a dominating number of votes in Malaya because of the Malays' privileged status. It came into existence in 1946 for the specific purpose of opposing the Malayan Union and its proposal for a common citizenship not restricted to Malays but open to all who could claim to belong to the country by reason of birth or residence. The second member of the alliance, the Malayan Chinese Association, began its life as the sponsor of a lottery designed to raise funds for the assistance of half a million Chinese squatters who were being resettled in new villages as a means of isolating the Communist guerrillas in the jungle from their principal source of civil aid.

Under the new constitution there will be a fully elected house of representatives, with a membership of a hundred, and a senate consisting of twenty-two members elected by the state legislatures and sixteen members nominated by the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, or king, who is himself elected by the state rulers as a constitutional monarch for a period of five years.

For the present, Prime Minister Rahman will continue to govern through his elected majority in the partly elected and partly nominated legislative council. He is assisted by nine cabinet ministers—five Malays, three Chinese, and one Indian. As in the British system, the cabinet is responsible to the parliament. If the government has any clear political ideas, except for the avoidance of socialism, they have yet to be defined.

A Chinese veteran of the Kuomintang Army, Colonel Sir Henry Lee, holds the important finance portfolio. Judging by the silence that greets his economic pronouncements in the extremely British atmosphere of the legislative council with its bewigged Speaker, paneled walls, and leather seats, his conservative if unorthodox policies are not likely to be challenged. If this is a political strength, it is also based on political weakness, for Sir Henry lacks any significant support from the public or even from the Malayan Chinese Association. Indeed, that group is weakened by the absence of unifying and stabilizing policies. In this respect, as in popular following, it is clearly inferior to the United Malay National Organization, whose unity is based on the Moslem religion.

TWO URGENT TASKS face these alliance members and their junior partner, the Malayan Indian Congress: to find a means of perpetuating the alliance now that it has won independence, and to keep tight rein on the racial animosities of some of their followers.

As an example in racial co-operation, Malay Rahman has adopted the five-year-old daughter of Chinese leper parents. "You must live and work with the Chinese," he tells the kampong people. "We've won our independence years before we expected. Do you want to throw it all away now?"

Since the Moslem religion everywhere tends to drive its followers into communal groups and away from the infidel, assimilation of the Chinese in Malaya must be considered improbable and impracticable. Similarly, it is too much to expect that the indolent, usually cheerful, but easily aroused Malays will ever be truly reconciled to the Chinese economic grip on what they consider to be "their" country.

Their antagonism may be expected to increase as the industrious, ambitious Chinese, many of whom came to Malaya as coolies and rubber tappers and became rubber and tin barons, secure an even firmer grip on the economy.

Because of their special rights as the indigenous people and subjects of the British-"protected" Malay rulers, the Malays have inherited the civil service, the army, and the police. Against Chinese wealth, they have the administration and the guns.

A rarely expressed but not altogether baseless fear is that in the event of racial friction the Chinese would turn to the only armed Chinese group in the country, the Malayan Communist Party, which, after nine years of armed revolt and more than nine thousand losses in killed, captured, and surrendered, still has a force of about two thousand men in the jungle.

Because Rahman is anxious for the Malays to retain their numerical superiority for as long as possible, and also because he fears Singapore's influence both on a communalistic and a communistic basis, he has steadfastly opposed the inclusion of the Crown Colony of Singapore in the new Malaya. The peninsula's chief port and rich in its own right as the leading entrepôt in Southeast Asia, Singapore would, in more conventional circumstances, be as essential to Malaya as New York is to the United States. For many obvious reasons Rahman would like Singapore in Malaya—but stripped of its present population. Only a mile from Johore, the southernmost of Malaya's nine states, and joined to it by a causeway, Singapore has a population of 1.5 million, of whom 1.2 million are Chinese. Its Chinese secondary schools are little Marxist academies, its trade unions are heavily subverted, and its most active political organization, the People's Action Party, is a Communist front. Racially and ideologically, Malaya cannot afford Singapore, though economically it will suffer from the separation.

Amnesty and the Battle to Come

While independence bunting was still flying in Kuala Lumpur, Rahman announced his new terms for ending the war with the Communist guerrillas: Their jungle crimes will be pardoned if they surrender, agree to abandon Communism, or take off for China with their wives and families.

The Communists have until December 31 to make up their minds. After that, in an all-out military and civil offensive, Rahman will try to break their armed forces in time to celebrate the first anniversary of independence on August 31 next year.

Rahman promises to be tough and ruthless. Under his leadership, the Communists will have no opportunity to emerge as a legal political party or to masquerade under a front. "By legalizing the Communists you merely give them a chance to find their strength," he says. "And, as sure as my name is Abdul Rahman, when they find their strength they will throw you out."

Under the terms of a defense agreement with the British government, Malaya would have available for the fight twenty-two battalions of troops, including fourteen from

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the Commonwealth. These include six battalions of Gurkha mercenaries from the Himalayan state of Nepal, Australians, New Zealanders, and British home forces. The Malayan Army has a nucleus of seven Malay battalions and one racially mixed but predominantly Malay battalion of the Federation Regiment. There are also twenty thousand special constables who are available for full-time operations, 100,000 home guards, and a police jungle force of 3,500 scattered along the jungle-matted Malayan spine in a series of forts designed to cut off the Communists from their contacts with Malaya's hundred thousand aborigines.

Against an armed Communist force of no more than two thousand, this agglomeration of strength might appear more than sufficient, a sledge hammer for cracking coconuts. But despite Rahman's best intentions and the unquestioned efficiency of many of his forces, the chances are that the Communists, whose losses average about one a day, could still have about fifteen hundred men in the field a year hence. For the moment they are no longer a serious military threat, but unless they are stamped out they will surely increase in strength.

It is a costly process. Excluding actual terrorist damage to property, the British and Malayan governments have spent more than $2 billion on the war. The cost last year fell to about $50 million and it will run about the same this year.

On November 8 Rahman announced that he had received a letter in which Chin Peng, secretary general of the Malayan Communist Party, offered to meet the prime minister "with the object of obtaining a just and fair agreement" to end the internal fighting. Rahman agreed to a preliminary meeting.

LONG AGO the British discovered the pointlessness of pursuing the guerrillas through the jungle. Instead, they tried to isolate the jungle Communists from their sources of civil supply in the towns, villages, and isolated market gardens on which thousands of Chinese raised pigs and vegetables for sale in nearby towns.

This new policy led in 1950 to the resettlement of half a million rural Chinese in what were euphemistically called "new villages," but which, at least in their early days, were grim internment camps, surrounded by barbed wire and searchlights and patrolled day and night by the security forces. If this was a harsh step, it was also necessary. Civil aid for the guerrillas did not cease, but it immediately became more difficult and more hazardous. Throughout Malaya, Communist casualties quickly mounted, while all hope ended for a quick Red military victory.

Success for the British and Malayan forces was a geometric progression. Soon both military and police forces operated only on information received from villagers. The better the information, the more numerous the kills; and the more numerous the kills, the better the information. Information also brought its own reward to the villages: As an area was cleared of guerrillas, it was declared "white" and all the paraphernalia and regulations of the internment camp were removed. Today 3,250,000 people, or substantially more than half the population of Malaya, live in "white" areas.

For the past six years the Communists have been fighting a long holding operation. Chin Peng, who was once decorated with the Order of the British Empire and invited to London to participate in the Victory March after the Second World War, moved his headquarters from Pahang, in central Malaya, to the Betong salient in south Thailand. There, with five hundred men, he lives in security and on good terms with the largely Chinese population. Although both Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur diplomatically protest that co-operation is very good and police patrols from either country may penetrate to a distance of up to twenty miles inside their neighbor's borders, the fact is that this is in effect a "liberated" area, with the guerrillas outnumbering the combined local Thai and Malayan police forces.

Using this escape hatch into Thailand, the Communists continue to operate periodically in the adjoining and mostly Chinese tin-mining state of Perak. They are also active in Johore, where Ho Chi Minh, the Vietminh leader, helped establish the movement twenty-five years ago. Here, the wholehearted co-operation of numerous Chinese villages and the proximity of Singapore are the essential factors in the Communists' success. Even today, in Perak and Johore they can call on more recruits than they have weapons to equip.

ARMED FORCE, however, is not the weapon the Communists are willing to use. Late in 1951, Chin Peng in a fifteen-thousand-word directive ordered the termination of indiscriminate terrorist attacks. These have cost the lives of two thousand five hundred civilians, more than thirteen hundred police, and seven hundred soldiers. Nowadays the Communists concentrate their principal efforts on winning over the local population. Their activities, though necessarily clandestine, have been similar to those of the Indonesian Communist Party, which claimed five thousand members in Java in 1952 and now has six million supporters. Schools, social and political organizations, trade unions—these are the Communists' targets. In the schools, at least, there is disturbing evidence of their success. Rahman, as vigorously anti-Communist as Vietnam's Ngo Dinh Diem, has already established a high-level anti-subversion committee in Kuala Lumpur; yet in the slowing down of administrative effort that must come with the withdrawal of senior British civil servants from Malaya there will inevitably occur some of the problems that beset Indonesia and Burma.

Rahman's Electoral Steam Roller

Of the fifteen hundred Britishers who helped to run the country before independence, five hundred will have left Malaya by the end of this

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year. Retiring young administrators, many still in their thirties, get lump-sum payments of $32,000, and pensions of $1,100 a year for life; others, the great majority, who have elected to remain until "Malayanization" is progressively completed in 1962, will get the same or better, since they will earn their normal automatic promotions by staying.

Most of those who have decided to go are at the top levels, or have technical qualifications that are in ready demand elsewhere. The railways and the public-works department, for instance, are already desperately short of skilled engineers, while the medical services have been recruiting doctors in India to take the place of departing British expatriates.

Those who have elected to remain —and they are in all branches of government—have found that independence has made little or no difference to their position or status. For the eighteen months that preceded independence they acted as tutors, training others to take their place. Their concern seems to be not so much that some day they will have to go themselves or that they are working for a new master but whether they will have time to train an adequate Malayan civil service to take over.

WITH EXPORTS of tin and rubber bringing in more than $600 million a year, Malaya faces the future with an unbalanced but reasonably healthy economy. The administration has no quarrel with foreign investors, planters, or miners. Nationalization is not a rallying cry. No former Asian colony has started life with fewer grudges against its erstwhile master, or with a higher standard of living. There is no significant overt and organized political opposition to the government under the leadership of Rahman, who, in the words of one of his admiring British subordinates, presides at cabinet meetings with the aplomb of an English vicar at a parish tea party.

But despite all these advantages, in the ultranationalistic climate of the region and with Communist China exerting ever more influence on its neighbors, the prime ministership of independent Malaya will be no tea party.

AT HOME & ABROAD

What the Elections Did Not Prove

ROBERT BENDINER

NOVEMBER 5, like all Election Days, ended the season for spellbinders and prophets and opened the season for numerologists and soothsayers. The ballot totals were precise, but what they meant was open to the usual large differences of opinion.

To Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, for example, it was a matter of rejoicing that his party could elect a segregationist governor in Virginia, an anti-segregationist governor in New Jersey, and a pro-segregationist-but-let's-obey-the-law city council in Little Rock. (*In my Father's house are many mansions.*) To Hugh Alcorn, his opposite number in the Republican Party, it was equally a matter of rejoicing that the enemy camp was so patently torn. (*A house divided against itself . . .*) State Senator Malcolm S. Forbes, the Republican candidate for governor of New Jersey, lost, according to his campaign manager, because of "sput-

nik, muttnik, and the stock market." According to the victorious Democrats, he lost because, among other reasons, voters wanted to show what they thought of Eisenhower and Nixon. Averell Harriman exulted over Democratic gains in New York, while that state's Republican bosses saw the voters' rejection of a constitutional convention as "a repudiation of Governor Harriman."

WHILE ALL sweeping interpretations of an election should be served up with a bag of salt—particularly off-year elections and even more particularly when the interpreters have had a hand in the business—the elections themselves are far from meaningless. They may not prove much in a large abstract way, but in a limited concrete way they can *disprove* a good deal. From this election a politician might well draw the following helpful though negative conclusions, which are offered here as a public service:

¶ The Eisenhower-Nixon blessing will not get a Republican elected, and active aid from the administration may even be a liability. While the benediction of Gabriel and all his angelic hosts could not have won for Theodore Roosevelt Dalton in Virginia or for Robert K. Christenberry in New York City, masterminds of the Forbes campaign clearly thought that a laying on of Presidential hands would help their man enormously in a state that gave Eisenhower a margin of almost 760,000 votes only a year ago. Whether it was because the administration's stock had gone down as Russian moons and American prices went up or because of resentment at outside pressure, counties that had liked Ike en masse in 1956 didn't think much of him as an employment reference in 1957. If he didn't cost Mr. Forbes votes, as detached observers in the state believe, he didn't win him any.

¶ A stale McCarthyism loses friends and influences nobody. Barnstorming the state for Forbes "at the suggestion of the President," Bernard M. Shanley, then Eisenhower's appointments secretary, damned Governor Robert B. Meyner for appointing members of Americans for Democratic Action to high office, implying repeatedly and without shame that the A.D.A. was pro-Communist and generally suspect. An

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A.D.A. protest to Eisenhower about the slander went unanswered except for Press Secretary Hagerty's one-word comment — "Nuts" — offered without credit to General McAuliffe. Even pro-Forbes newspapers scored Shanley's sleazy performance.

¶ Little Rock has not thrown the Negro vote into the Republican bag, nor has Eisenhower's handling of the school-segregation problem won his party universal acclaim in the electorally crucial cities of the North. In Negro voting districts of New York, Mayor Robert F. Wagner held the roughly seventy-five per cent preference that he enjoyed four years ago. A preliminary check in New Jersey shows that Meyner and the Democrats probably did six or seven per cent better among that state's Negro voters than Stevenson did last year. In any case, it appears, the colored vote is neither to be taken for granted by the Republicans nor successfully wooed by such delicate approaches as Mr. Forbes tried in Newark when he warned, "If my margin of victory over Robert B. Meyner is not heavy in Negro wards, it will be interpreted as meaning, 'If you are not in Arkansas, you don't care.' "

¶ In spite of Jimmy Hoffa and Senator McClellan, beating organized labor over the head is not yet the key to victory in an industrial state. Senator Forbes made the dreary old charge that the CIO was "pouring vast sums" into his opponent's campaign and that to get anywhere in the Democratic Party you had to "clear everything with Reuther," none of which sat well with those trade-unionists of the state who had gone over to the Republicans in 1952 and 1956.

¶ Apathy does not favor the challenger. The notion that a Democratic mayor of New York can be supplanted by a run-of-the-mill Republican may have been dealt its final blow with Wagner's smashing victory. But probably even now the local Republican bosses, who would rather be a professional minority than ever again nominate a LaGuardia, are scouring the voters' lists for obscure partisans to follow in the martyr tradition of Goldstein, Riegelman, and Christenberry.

¶ The suburbs are not as safe for Republicanism as some political experts have led us to believe. Tight mortgage money, high tax rates, and defense-plant layoffs have sapped the party's strength in the *Lebensraum* surrounding New York — especially on Long Island. In Nassau County, the biggest metropolitan bedroom in the country, the election showed such obvious cracking of the old political pattern that Leonard Hall, who only narrowly managed to save his own town of Oyster Bay (shades of T.R.!), is now believed to have lost his chance of being nominated for governor.

NEGATIVE as these reactions may be, they should add up to a fairly instructive experience for both parties. The President himself had expressed the hope that the New Jersey election would provide "a great big shot in the arm for some people." It did. But either the wrong people got it or the right people got it in the wrong place.

Rainy Days In Sunny California

PAUL JACOBS

LONG LINES of bewildered men and women are standing outside unemployment-insurance offices in southern California. Many of them are facing, for the first time in their lives, both the shocking experience of being jobless and the frightening realization that their trade makes them practically unemployable.

In September of this year, there were twenty thousand more unemployed workers in Los Angeles than there were a year before, and this during a season when unemployment is normally at its lowest point. This increase is almost totally attributable to the cancellations, reductions, or stretch-outs in delivery dates of orders for military aircraft and missiles that began in early summer.

The aircraft industry employed nine per cent of the total work force in Los Angeles and 27.5 per cent of the total manufacturing force. Seventy-five per cent of the entire American aircraft industry is concentrated in the city. Ninety per cent of it is in southern California.

Since last May there has been a reduction of seventeen thousand workers in the industry—excluding its contractors and subcontractors, who are only now beginning to feel the effects of the shutdowns in the prime manufacturers. If the trend continues, it is estimated that there will be further reductions in the Los Angeles area of from ten to fifteen thousand more aircraft jobs between now and early 1958.

Waiting in the Union Hall

Martin H. Henricks of Bell Gardens is thirty-three, married, with six children and a seventh on the way. He put in four years at North American Aviation in Inglewood before he was laid off on October

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18. Before going to North American, Henricks had worked for three years at Northrop Aviation.

"I didn't realize work was so scarce until I started looking around," he said anxiously, sitting in the United Automobile Workers union hall on Imperial Highway, just a block from the North American plant. He complained that he had had to wait a week for an appointment at the unemployment-insurance office before he was told by a UAW committeeman that it would take three weeks anyway before he would be eligible to draw his first unemployment-insurance check.

Henricks has saved very little. Like most Americans, he hasn't much sales resistance. In a society where it is unfashionable and considered almost unpatriotic to buy for cash, Henricks is making monthly payments on a stove, a washing machine, and a television set, as well as repaying loans from the finance company.

A woman who sat next to him in the UAW hall is somewhat less unfortunate, since her husband is still working. But after ten years at North American, she is bitter about her layoff.

"I can't get another job in aircraft. Oh, I'll try all the aircraft and missile plants, but I don't think prospects are too favorable, even though we who've been laid off now have a better chance than those who'll get it later. We'll get along, my husband and I, on his pay check. We'll exist all right, but who wants just that? We've been accustomed to living, not just existing."

One reason this woman can't easily get another job is that the aircraft industry uses or develops particular skills not readily transferable elsewhere. Knowing their own limitations, many workers are fearful of taking other jobs within the company even when their seniority permits it, lest they be discharged for inability to do the new work and thus lose all their rights to return to the old jobs should they ever be open again.

TWENTY MILES across Los Angeles, in the densely populated San Fernando Valley, you can hear the same stories and complaints from the laid-off Lockheed workers as they

come into the International Association of Machinists headquarters. On January 1, 1957, there were more than 34,000 workers employed by Lockheed; today there are only 28,300, with another reduction of 5,000 scheduled before the end of the year and an additional cutback of 6,500 set before next July 1, which will bring the estimated total work force down to 17,000.

Even so, Lockheed, which makes Constellation and Electra civilian aircraft, is not so dependent as most of the industry upon military budgets, not so vulnerable to interservice rivalries, conflicts over varying weapons systems, and political disputes. Almost ninety per cent of aircraft production has been concentrated on military equipment.

IN MASS LAYOFFS, it isn't only discharged employees who suffer and have problems. One of the consequences of any large-scale work-force reduction in a plant is a sharp increase in grievances, both against the company and other employees, growing out of the operations of the seniority system. When actual jobs are at stake and a worker with longer service whose job has become excess exercises his right to "bump" into a junior employee's slot, thus making him excess in turn, it is understandable that a severe strain is put on union solidarity and brotherhood. So, too, employees are likely to be downgraded to lower-paying jobs, creating further grievances.

Union members are admonished, for example, in the UAW's North American local newspaper, to notify their stewards of any change in their job status, "to ascertain first, that all your rights were protected, and, secondly, that you did not unjustly take a fellow employee's job."

Both the UAW and IAM have bitterly attacked the layoffs and requested changes in the government's defense-expenditure policy. Back in July, when the Navaho guided-missile project was discontinued and airframe production curtailed at North American, the UAW called for the setting up of emergency placement centers, a severance-pay policy, and the directing of work into the company to create new jobs—not only to minimize the extent of the layoffs but to "utilize the multi-million-dollar government investment in equipment which might otherwise lie idle."

Following the launching of Sputnik, the UAW executive board assailed the administration's "so-called 'economy measures'" in the face of Russian technical achievements. "With economy as the overriding theme of the Defense Department current contract cancellations, stretch-outs and phase-outs are resulting in increasing numbers of laid-off defense workers. This is particularly true in the aircraft and missile industries," said the union.

The program previously advanced by the UAW was reiterated and supplemented by proposals that no new plants be built where existing facilities can be used and that more advance notice be given "to both employers and workers of impending cancellations, stretch-outs, and phase-outs, to lessen the shock of sudden layoffs and to give workers more time to adjust."

The IAM, too, has been energetically opposing the cutbacks, emphasizing that highly skilled people were leaving the industry to seek other employment "even though it might pay less, in order to have some measure of security."

AS FAR BACK as 1948, an IAM group complained to a joint congressional committee that "our best supervision, our best engineers, our top skilled and semiskilled mechanics are leaving the industry—reason: no stability or security is offered them because of the lack of a long-range program and the money with which to carry it out. The lack of a well-planned program and the sporadic awarding of contracts throughout the industry has caused even the nucleus force of top-trained and older employees to have experienced general and temporary layoffs causing them, for obvious economic reasons of their own, to seek employment in other lines of endeavor."

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Even some top management people are worried about their future. A vice-president of Northrop Aircraft, Edgar Schmued, recently resigned because "I have come to the conclusion that the risk in defense business is too great. You just cannot base your future on the present so-called emergency. I, personally, need more freedom and more assurance than defense work can offer me."

Currently, the IAM is stressing a program to have President Eisenhower call an emergency session of Congress, get Congress to raise the national legal debt limit, make further appropriations to the defense effort, and use the power that "depressed-area" legislation gives him.

The A.I.A. Keeps Smiling

There is far less agreement among industry leaders than in the labor movement concerning the seriousness of the situation in Los Angeles. The Chamber of Commerce has said, through one of its spokesmen, that the crisis "is to some extent overplayed" and that the situation is no worse than it was in January, 1955, or in May, 1950, before the Korean War.

A somewhat similar viewpoint was expressed by General Orval R. Cook (USAF, Ret.), president of the Aircraft Industries Association of America, when he said that "nothing cataclysmic has happened" and that the industry "will suffer shortly a sudden drop in business but it will still have a big job to do."

A local representative of the Aircraft Industries Association of America has pointed out that employment in 1957, before the cutbacks, was "on a supercharged level and the reduction will bring us back to a more normal basis of operations in the coming year."

"The timing of these layoffs may be unfortunate for some few people," said the A.I.A. representative, "but on the whole it will be good for the economy after it gets shaken down. Production will go up and what goofing off there is will stop for a while, anyway."

One aircraft company was reported in the local press to have announced the dismissal of several hundred employees with the bland comment, "The layoff brings into temporary balance a more desirable economic ratio."

Aviation Week, on the other hand, published an industry-wide survey stating that "job reductions among 22 major aviation firms will exceed 40,000 by the end of the year, according to current planning." *U.S. News & World Report* published a much more pessimistic forecast, citing "industry estimates" of a decline in employment of 50,000 to 100,000 jobs and quoting other estimates—without giving a source—"that 300,000 to 400,000 workers now engaged in aircraft plants will be out of their jobs when the coming shakeout is over."

There are even disagreements within the industry in Los Angeles as to the total number of employees laid off and the number of those not replaced when they quit. An A.I.A. spokesman estimates that only between six and seven thousand workers have been laid off and claims that the larger total is made up of people who have left their jobs and not been replaced.

However, an official of North American Aviation, whose Los Angeles payroll has been reduced by nearly 14,000, says that the majority of these have actually been laid off; in fact, about 10,000 were discharged after the cancellation of the Navaho. To the totals of laid-off employees from North American must be added those from Lockheed, Douglas, Northrop, and smaller plants.

In a large quiet room in downtown Los Angeles the computing machines of the state employment service keep clicking off ominous hints of a possibly serious setback for the area. The employment experts of the state recall that when the first layoffs took place, most of the discharged employees were immediately recruited by other plants. But this is no longer happening, they say.

The employment service points out that 100,000 new jobs must be added each year to Los Angeles' industry if employment is to keep the proper ratio with the constant influx into the area. This year, only 50,000 new jobs have been added, although the immigration continues at the same rate.

"In the past, there have always been new plants going up in the area to take up any slack," said one official, "but this is no longer true."

BUT PERHAPS more important than the 100,000 new jobs that are required in the Los Angeles area each year is the need for a national policy to cushion the shock of unemployment. It would seem desirable for reductions in work forces to be planned and gradual rather than sudden and chaotic, and for workers to be retrained in new skills to replace those which become technically archaic overnight. At the moment, there seems little prospect for such a policy, especially since there appears to be no recognition by the administration that the problem even exists.

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Just the Man to See If You Get Sued by a Martian

LAWRENCE H. BERLIN

ONE OF THE fastest-moving objects in Washington for the past few weeks has been an attorney named Andrew G. Haley, who, long before the advent of Sputnik, had appropriated the title of "World's First Space Lawyer."

Haley, who is president of the International Astronautical Federation and general counsel of the American Rocket Society, was one of the earliest advocates of space research, having gone on record as early as 1945 in favor of intensive rocket development by the government.

In the last two years Haley has also acquired a considerable reputation as a booster of "Metalaw," which he defines as the law that will some day govern the relationships between intelligent beings of different natures. In Metalaw, says Haley, the Golden Rule may not work, since intelligent creatures whose natures are different from our own may not want to be done unto as we would have them do unto us. Instead the cardinal principle may be "Do unto others as they want to be done unto."

Just back from a meeting of the International Astronautical Federation in Barcelona, Haley assured me over the telephone that he would be delighted to discuss space law, and so I called at his office, where a receptionist seated me beside an ominous stack of giant cardboard lecture aids on which were printed the principles of rocket propulsion. After several minutes a door blasted open and a large, tousle-haired man beckoned me toward the inner sanctum. I waited some more while he darted from office to office making various arrangements with his assistants. Finally he alighted behind his desk, and the interview began.

Pioneers, O Pioneers

I asked him how he had got interested originally in all this rocket business, and he explained that in 1941 he had been retained to organize Aerojet. The name meant nothing to me, and Haley was clearly annoyed.

"I can't take time to explain Newton's third law of motion!" he exclaimed. "I want to give you courteous treatment, but that presupposes you know something about what I'm talking about. I don't give a goddam about publicity." He began scooping up reprints of magazine articles about himself, plus copies of his writings and speeches. "It's all in there," he declared, thrusting the material into my arms. "Read those and you'll have all your answers."

It appeared the interview was at an end, but Haley kept on talking. He said that he had been a lawyer

for the Federal Communications Commission from 1933 to 1939, that he had afterwards gone into the private practice of communications law, and that he had become interested in rockets while helping German scientists to find refuge in the United States during the Nazi persecutions. One of his clients was the sister of a noted Hungarian-born aerodynamicist, Dr. Theodore von Kármán, and it was with von Kármán that Haley formed Aerojet in 1941. Aerojet, I now learned, is a company that manufactures rockets, and a big one at that.

HALEY SAID he has been a space lawyer since 1942. But he isn't the only one. "The Prince of Hanover is a first-class space lawyer," he noted, "a helluva good one." He handed me an itinerary of twenty-five joint lectures that he and Dr. Welf Heinrich (the prince) were scheduled to deliver throughout the United States.

By this time he had left his chair and was nervously orbiting the floor of his office as he talked. Obviously the Soviet satellites had complicated his life. Besides the Prince of Hanover, he named John Cobb Cooper, general counsel of the International Air Transport Association, as a "world renowned" space lawyer. "I'm the first one who made any substantial contribution to it," he assured me.

"I'm practicing now," he declared in answer to a question about the outlook for the profession. "The Russians are using 40.003 megacycles for Sputnik. That's the frequency assigned for aeronautical safety services in Zones 2 and 3 (the Eastern Hemisphere). Now that's all right, but it's a violation of the assigned use of the frequency. It's not hurting anything. Nevertheless, if we keep on misusing assigned frequencies, we're going to get things all fouled up."

A year ago he flew to Warsaw to attend a meeting of the International Radio Consultative Committee. He wanted it to set up a study group to determine the best frequencies for earth satellites to use in transmitting signals to Earth. The Americans and Russians agreed that something should be done, he says, but the other delegations thought he was crazy. "They threw me out," he recalls, explaining with a certain satisfaction that the lack of an assigned frequency caught the free world flat-footed when Sputnik was launched. Our electronic tracking equipment was built to receive a different wave length.

"Some day people will want to take out licenses for their own space ships," he continued, "or maybe for mining meteors out in space. Who will issue them? Suppose an American finds a meteor of pure iron? Suppose he starts to drop the meteor to Earth, but an Italian with stronger magnetic equipment steals it from him, and suppose it lands in the Sahara? Who does it belong to?"

In all this, he sees a challenge to specially trained lawyers. Take the misguided missile. "Suppose one of our missiles drops down in Bahia, Brazil," he explains. "The Brazilians might want to take action against

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the United States, but they probably won't want to hire a Brazilian lawyer. You have to get known as an expert in the field. You write articles and get them published in something like the *Harvard Law Review* or the *Notre Dame Law Review*."

There Ought to Be a Law

Such jurisdictional problems cause Haley to fret over our lack of legal preparedness for the space age. For example, if the Russians succeed in shooting a rocket to the moon and can implant a Soviet flag, it is conceivable that they might advance a proprietary claim. Under existing international law, we would be hard put to refute it. A related problem is the extent of a nation's control above its territory. Should it, as John Cobb Cooper contends, extend just as far as the nation's scientific progress permits? Or should it, as U.N. legal adviser Oscar Schachter believes, be limited to the region below what he calls the "aeropause"—the theoretical height at which the atmosphere ends?

Haley is eclectic on this point. As a temporary solution, he would give a nation infinite control of the space above its territory with respect to military vehicles, but he would deny it the right to restrict innocent flight except within the aeropause.

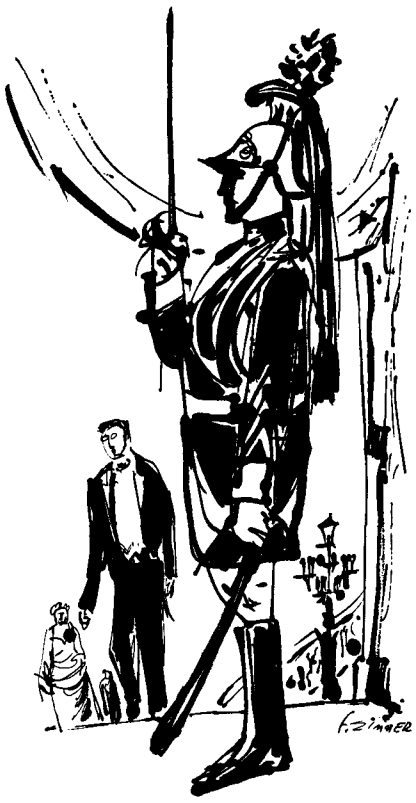
Since these problems involve only the relationships in space between the different nations of this plain old Earth, they are really within the extendable scope of our present international law. After that will come "Metalaw," regulating intercourse between the intelligent inhabitants of different stellar bodies. Here, Haley thinks, we shall have to junk international law along with the Golden Rule, for it is based on human experience and relies ultimately on the power of states to enforce it by making war. In Earth's relations with outer space, we may have to deal with different "natures," and in any case Earth may turn out to be relatively weak. The initial burden will be on the philosophers to come up with a new brand of "natural law" appropriate to the universe as we discover it. Perhaps centuries after that, we can look forward to the codification of a new pragmatic law, administered, it may be, by a Court of Intergalactic Justice.

The Rejuvenation Of the Fourth Republic

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

TO PROFESSIONAL observers of the French parliamentary scene, the high moment in a rather uneventful session of the National Assembly came early this month when Félix Gaillard was voted the new prime minister. Returning to his seat amid polite applause after having delivered his formal investiture address, the youthful premier-designate, well aware that he had the vote of confidence in his pocket, hooked his arm over the back of the red-plush



government bench, tilted his head over his shoulder, and flashed a soft grin at his Radical Socialist colleagues behind him. Somehow the spontaneity of the gesture and its slightly brash nonchalance mutely communicated to every watcher in the hemicycle something that Gaillard's studied debating-team presentation of an almost too skillfully balanced program had failed to put across—that the speaker was celebrating his thirty-eighth birthday on the very date of his ordeal and that he was the first Frenchman born since the end of the First World War to be sitting on that lonely bench.

IN A LONG-RUN view of French history, this may turn out to have been the most significant event of the day. It is more important than whether or not Gaillard continues to shine as the brightest star rising in the French political firmament, and perhaps it is even more important than whether or not he succeeds in solving the numerous menacing economic and political problems that immediately confront the nation. Though Gaillard is the youngest chief executive since the republican form of government has existed in this country, his triumph is not an isolated freak of individual genius. It is merely the most striking example yet seen in France of the little realized but quite astonishing rejuvenation that has been taking place since the end of the war in what used to be the West's most fossilized society.

The ministerial team that Gaillard has whipped up to share power with him—and whose average age is forty-seven—offers other remarkable examples of this youthful trend in French public life. His predecessor in office, Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury, who has now become interior minister, is forty-four. Colonial Minister Gérard Jaquet is forty-one. During the war Chaban-Delmas, the mayor of Bordeaux who is Gaillard's defense minister, became, at twenty-nine, France's youngest general since the First Empire. He is now a well-preserved forty-two and shares with Gaillard and Bourgès a passion for tennis that has caused the racquet to replace the glass of milk, adopted by Mendès-France

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three years ago, as a symbol of governmental virility.

"Really important cabinet meetings are no longer held at the Elysée Palace," a Parisian wag remarked recently. "They're held at Rolland Garros stadium."

While Gaillard, whose keen sense of public relations is one of his numerous political assets, undoubtedly made an effort to give his cabinet a youthful look, he had no trouble finding suitable candidates. Except in the Socialist Party—and even more noticeably in the Communist Party—young men are coming increasingly to the fore. The most dynamic leader of the liberal opposition is François Mitterand, forty-one, who will almost certainly be premier before he is forty-five. Gaullist leader Jacques Soustelle, who was mainly responsible for overthrowing the Bourgès government and thereby opening a five-week crisis, is forty-five. Edgar Faure, one of the keenest political minds in the assembly, is forty-nine, and he has already been premier twice.

How to Dispose of a Myth

France was a creaky gerontocracy for so long that it is difficult for a foreigner to realize just how dated the myth of French senility has become. Even chief party bosses like M.R.P. leader Pierre Pflimlin, finance minister in the Gaillard government, or Senator Roger Duchet, strong man of the Right, and such internationally known stars in French politics as Mendès-France—who's just fifty—give a startling impression of youthfulness when compared with their opposite numbers in American public life or indeed with the top political figures of any modern industrialized society, including the Soviet Union.

Job for job—at least in government and politics—France today appears to be a younger country than the United States. There is, for example, an extraordinary race of "Directeurs de Cabinet"—executive assistants to ministers—who follow their political patrons in and out of office but who, thanks to an *esprit de corps* that cuts across party lines, see to it that their colleagues always have a comfortable administrative job to fall back on. One of the most outstanding of these apprentice ministers is thirty-seven-year-old Abel Thomas, assistant to Bourgès-Maunoury first at the premier's office and now at the ministry of the interior, whose penchant for forceful action alarms some Frenchmen. Maurice Aicardi, executive assistant to Gaillard for the past six years, is eleven days older than his boss.

The chief of the Sûreté Nationale is Jean Verdier, who is forty-two. Director of the treasury—at the moment about the toughest job in France—is Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, forty-five-year-old Resistance hero who served as financial attaché at the French embassy in Washington in 1949. Only one year his senior is Robert Marjolin, former secretary general of the OEEC and now Foreign Minister Christian Pineau's chief aide for European affairs, who is slated for a key job in one of the new European institutions that will be springing up from the Common Market.

The trend toward youth is naturally most visible among Gaillard's secretaries of state, who, though formally addressed as "Monsieur Le Ministre," don't automatically sit at cabinet meetings.

"It's getting so that an ambitious young politician feels he has been

a failure if he hasn't been named a secretary of state in somebody's cabinet by his thirtieth birthday," a more mature French political leader remarked to me recently.

This is a slight exaggeration, but it's understandable when one looks at careers like those of Maurice Faure, who at thirty-five has already passed up several opportunities to become a full minister in order to concentrate on pushing for European unification. As secretary of state for foreign affairs, a post he has held since February, 1956, Faure is regarded as certain to be minister for foreign affairs and perhaps premier before many years have passed. Another young man thought to have an excellent chance at eventual premiership is Michel Soulié, forty-one, secretary of state for information in the Bourgès government. Soulié is a Radical Socialist. (Because of the chances for advancement it offers, this decrepit party is favored by ambitious young politicians.) Another tennis fanatic, he is a professional journalist and publishes the influential *Tribune de Saint Etienne.*

THE accent on youth has prevailed in French journalism ever since the Liberation, and in some branches of industry, especially the nationalized sector. Jean Marin, head of the Agence France-Presse, is forty-eight. The director of the entire state-controlled radio and television network in France, Gabriel Delaunay, is just fifty. Pierre Lazareff, publisher of *France-Soir,* was under forty when he took over the newspaper with the largest circulation in the country. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, at thirty-three, is co-editor of *L'Express,* France's most successful political weekly, and a rising leader among younger Mendésist Radical Socialists. Pierre Dreyfus, director of the huge publicly owned Renault automobile works, is fifty.

The Crew-cut Crusade

But until recently the prevalence of young blood in French public life hasn't been adequately reflected in the corresponding rejuvenation of national institutions or even of policies. The program that Gaillard submitted to the Assembly for tackling one of the most acute national crises in French postwar history had few features that distinguished it from programs presented earlier in the crisis by such familiar workhorses in French politics as Mollet and Pinay. And it was totally lacking in the audacity and fervor that enabled Mendès to capture the imagination of the French youth

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and to send shock and hope through the whole nation. Some of Gaillard's critics here—particularly the young Mendésists—are therefore inclined to dismiss Gaillard's experiment as being merely "immobilism with a crew cut." Gaillard's failure to offer any dramatic formula for ending the Algerian war, which more and more thoughtful Frenchmen are coming to realize lies at the core of France's present economic difficulties, particularly disappointed the liberals.

Gaillard fully appreciates the importance of these criticisms, and in his rebuttal speech just before the vote of confidence on his investiture he dropped the slightly scoutmasterish manner that had marked him earlier. In a brilliant and vigorous improvisation, he tried to make clear the limitations that his country's weighty past imposes on the revolutionary enthusiasm of members of his generation, at least on those who are not fanatics or dreamers.

"Before we try to figure out how much the Algerian war is costing France," Gaillard snapped, "I say let's ask ourselves how much it would cost in terms of traumatic shock to the nation's morale, not to mention material loss, if we lost Algeria."

Then, ostensibly answering a speech by Deputy Pierre Cot but aiming above all at his own Mendésist friends, he said, "I recognize in you the abstract theoretician who has never come up against human realities in this country. You talk about need for a clear-cut choice, but I am not interested in purely intellectual choices. I am concerned with operating within a controllable margin, where action can be effective."

BESIDES reflecting impatience, the post-1918 generations in France are through with the political abstractions that forever kept their fathers in an uproar. Gaillard's whole speech was a pointed reminder that in present-day France, even more than most countries, the margin for constructive choice is narrow. A long, long dreary political crisis that Gaillard succeeded in ending illustrated one of the factors that limits freedom of choice on the parliamentary level.

Ever since the 1956 elections, which gave approximately one-third of the seats in the National Assembly to the Poujadists on the extreme Right and the Communists on the extreme Left, dividing the remainder between conservatives and

liberals, it has been evident that no stable government can function in France unless supported, or at least tolerated, by both of the latter. To obtain such support or toleration, it is necessary to avoid stepping too hard on anybody's toes—which implies a certain degree of immobilism.

The tightrope walker can never be wholly free in his movements, and every French premier, under present conditions, is condemned to be a tightrope walker. The difficulty of welding Right and Left into the necessary balanced Center is greater now than ever because the financial crisis calls for great sacrifices from individual Frenchmen. Political representatives of business naturally have different ideas from those of labor as to who should carry the heavier load. Any too brutal and audacious attempt to break out of this impasse would risk pushing the Right into the arms of the extreme Right, and the Left into the eagerly waiting arms of a Popular Front—either of which could bring about the collapse of the Fourth Republic.

In consequence, those Washington circles that sometimes dream of forcing the French—as a precondition for U.S. assistance—to adopt an "honest-to-God austerity program," to "cut their losses in Algeria," and so on will have to resign themselves to more modest French efforts to put their house in order unless they are prepared to lose France as the cornerstone of the Atlantic alliance on the European continent. Admittedly, advancing the French money that will tide them over for a few months when they get into unusually severe straits like the present one does look somewhat like pouring money down the rathole, as I've often heard American officials and businessmen describe this policy.

In spite of appearances, however, the French rathole is gradually being plugged. Though the current financial crisis has emptied the French treasury, given a new fillip to inflation, and drained almost the last of the nation's foreign-currency reserves, the modernization and expansion of the French industrial machine has gone on unchecked. If monetary disaster can simply be staved off for a few months, a more natural growth of the French economy will make it possible to absorb many of the strains that threaten to tear the country apart today.

By the same token, there are those who believe that although the dead hand of the past still weighs heavily on national policy, it will be lifted as the demographic revolution that is under way here injects more and more new men and ideas into French public life.

The rejuvenation of French politics as reflected in Gaillard's cabinet is only a beginning. Gaillard and his young colleagues are an advance wave of a vast army of youth, so this view holds, who are preparing to "take over the country" a few years from now. They owe their rapid rise to peculiar accidents of recent

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French history. Many of them—like Gaillard, Bourgès, and Chaban-Delmas, who during their underground days were known to Resistance workers in the southwest as the Three Musketeers—moved along from brilliant war records to equally spectacular political careers. Others, like Marjolin, were launched by that erratic genius Jean Monnet, to whom France owes so much of its renovation in every field; Gaillard had both Monnet and the Resistance behind him.

But the decisive long-range factor that is converting France into a young nation is its continued high rate of population growth, which is imperceptibly but steadily modifying the French national character as the world has known it in recent decades. Already there is noticeable in French public life a sort of freemasonry of youth, which, among other manifestations, has led to setting up an informal youth lobby in the National Assembly, bringing together nominal political adversaries. Two of those thus brought together are the young Mendésist de Lipkowsky and the aristocratic Pinay conservative Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, now thirty-one, who, some of his friends think, may yet break Gaillard's record as the youngest French premier.

THE EXTREME RAPIDITY of France's rejuvenation has disturbing as well as comforting aspects. "The demographic revolution is inscribed in the pyramid of the ages," according to Jacques Fauvet, parliamentary correspondent of *Le Monde* (and at forty-three himself one of the leading French political scientists) in his recently published book *La France Déchirée* ("France Torn Asunder"). He points out that by 1965 the French population will have been swollen—and the economy strained—by about a million more young people between fifteen and twenty. This phenomenon is sure to have a considerable impact on a nation that up to now has so often been accused of stodginess.

France's "demographic revolution" will certainly bring many problems, but there would seem to be at least some reason to hope that immobilism will no longer be one of them.

The Limits Of Limited War

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

THE IDEOLOGICAL consistency or inconsistency of Communism, what Communism is and what it pretends to be—all this has been the object of constant attention. But the search for the goals and inner weaknesses of Communism has not been accompanied by adequate understanding of its method. Yet the method by which Communism intends to reach its goal of world domination is of extraordinary importance, and it is here that the contrast between Communism and the western democracies is sharpest.

The Communist method is that of protracted conflict—protracted for an unlimited period of time and on a constantly shifting front. Communist aggressiveness is original because of its multidimensional nature. This needs to be understood if we want to resist Communism in any other way than merely by filling the breach opened by its latest thrust.

The development of nuclear energy has brought into being an unprecedented phenomenon in the history of war: the ultimate or terminal yield of firepower. The destructiveness of certain nuclear devices is so great that their use endangers the lives of all belligerents, including the hypothetical victors. This is the one and only innovation for which the classical principles of warfare do not provide guidance. So ominous, however, are the implications of this one innovation that they have put in doubt the role of war as a means of diplomacy and have given currency to such notions as the "nuclear stalemate" and the "balance of terror."

YET THE danger of total mutual devastation has not deterred the Communists from encroaching on the sphere of interest of the United States and its allies—the latest evidence being recent events in the Middle East. Politically, and to some extent militarily, the "nuclear stalemate" has been a one-way street. It has limited or inhibited the use of force by the West while exposing

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it to situations that its diplomacy could not surmount. This predicament has provoked a Great Debate on military doctrine. In this country, it has been carried on in a number of widely noted books and articles, including Mr. Dulles's recent statement in *Foreign Affairs*. The dilemma reflected by this discourse seems to be roughly this: to renounce war altogether as an instrument of policy, or to devise a strategy that employs select means of force (nuclear) yet skirts the contingency of mutual thermonuclear annihilation.

Thou Shalt Not Overkill

If total nuclear war is a redundant strategy, it would seem to follow that limited nuclear war is the best available strategy for restoring force as the arbiter of political conflicts that diplomacy cannot resolve. The proposition can be put in a syllogism that runs as follows: The use of nuclear weapons leads to "overkilling"; nuclear weapons are here to stay, for military technology never returns to a more primitive level; hence, sound military doctrine prescribes a strategy of limited wars fought with graduated, i.e. limited, nuclear weapons. This conclusion is now being embraced by many experts as the key both to a new military strategy and to a new diplomacy for the United States.

According to its advocates, the case for limited war is buttressed by historical experience: Up until now the United States has relied upon a strategy of massive retaliation against centers of Communist power. If applied, this strategy would result in mutual annihilation, since the enemy, too, has weapons of unlimited destructiveness. The policy of massive retaliation has not deterred the kinds of Communist expansion that have confronted us for the last twelve years. The Communists made spectacular gains from 1945 to 1949, when the United States held the atomic monopoly. Now the capabilities for massive retaliation of the United States and the Soviet Union cancel each other out. Hence it is unlikely that a total war will be fought. Because the United States has not been able to develop an alternative diplomacy and an alternative strategy, it has been unwilling to wager its own survival on meeting every Communist challenge.

It is this dilemma between total war and total peace which the United States has failed to resolve and which the Communists have skillfully exploited by pressing home their limited challenges. U.S. policy has been merely "reactive," whereas Communist nibblings at the perimeter of western defense should have been met by a "positive" policy that would have shown up the limitations of Communist power, turned the tables, and encroached upon the Communist sphere itself.

A strategy of limited war, rather than the self-inhibiting threat of total war, would have forced the Soviets onto the defensive and restored the initiative to the United States. Indeed, the mere capability for pursuing such a strategy, even without the actual waging of limited nuclear wars, would have been enough to obtain the desired results. The verdict of history is conclusive: "Massive retaliation" is an obsolete doctrine; the future belongs to "graduated deterrence." Enter "limited war."

A Change Since Korea

The new theory of limited war owes much, too much, to the miscellaneous collection of lessons abstracted from the history of the

Korean War. It owes much, too much, to the controversy between the military and political leaders of the United States and among the miltary services themselves, to which that unhappy episode gave rise.

There can be little doubt that the Korean War was a limited war and that the United States, having to fight it as a U.N. war against an enemy whose existence it did not want to recognize, floundered between various courses and in the end became mired in Hamletlike frustrations. If it were conceivable that the Communists might present us with a challenge similar to that of Korea which we could meet without the accidental and self-imposed inhibitions that afflicted us in Korea, then indeed the new doctrine of limited war would be a precious boon to American foreign policy. However, the Communists have not sent Red divisions to carry war into a neighboring state as in the Korean performance, and if the experience of the last few years means anything, it seems unlikely that they will.

If the Communists ever believed in the efficacy of limited war, they appear to have changed their minds concerning the utility of this type of forthright confrontation. Yet since the Korean War, Communist expansion has continued. But it has continued by means more limited and more sophisticated than those of limited war—at least the kind of limited war the advocates of graduated deterrence are talking about. None of the recent Communist forays have presented the United States with an opportunity for meeting the Communist challenge by the use of a graduated series of nuclear weapons. It might be argued that the last of these opportunities was offered by the civil war in Indo-China. That opportunity, too, is now a thing of the past, and—given the complex equation of French politics, of guerrilla warfare, of Afro-Asian sentiments on colonialism, and of logistics—it probably never existed. Since the United States cannot choose preventive or total wars, then techniques of limited conflict are among the few methods available to bypass the present stalemate—no matter whether it is a real nuclear one or a politico-psychological one. But, among these techniques, limited war with nuclear weapons is not only the crudest but also probably the least feasible and efficacious.

The doctrine of massive retaliation, whatever its flaws, was based

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on the plausible assumption that if the enemy knew he would suffer a heavier blow than he could inflict, he would not embark on aggressive ventures in the first place. As long as the technological odds favored the United States, this doctrine was probably as sound as any doctrine on so disorderly and hazardous an activity as war. A doctrine of limited war between the United States and the Soviet Union presupposes that both have reached a degree of technological equality.

But even were this the case—and it it not at all certain that it is—a future war will stay limited only because of restraints prompted by considerations other than those suggested by the weapons technology available to both sides. For no one can argue plausibly that a war fought out consistently with the smallest rather than the biggest nuclear weapons need stay "limited." Indeed, each side might well forgo the use of thermonuclear bombs simply because they might do more harm to whoever introduces them first, just as, in the First World War, poison gas was abandoned not because it was inhumane but because atmospheric conditions failed to discriminate between attacker and attacked. In brief, both sides might keep the wraps on the cataclysmic warheads and still end up fighting a war a great deal more "total" than the Second World War. Thus, in the future as in the past, a limited war between great powers would stay limited because of restraints imposed by nontechnological considerations.

THE CLASSIC EPOCH of limited wars was the middle of the eighteenth century. It was not so much the small size, low firepower, and expensive maintenance of mercenary armies as the structure of international society—the "international" of dynastic rulers and the aristocracy—that kept warfare from disturbing the great mass of the civilian population and from upsetting the balance of power. With some modification, this system, administered by a highly sophisticated and urbane cabinet diplomacy, prevailed from the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 to the outbreak of the First World War in 1914. The wars of the mid-eighteenth century and the nineteenth were more or less limited—with the significant exception of the American Civil War, which culminated in the unconditional surrender of the defeated.

The colonial wars of Britain and the United States' military interventions in the Western Hemisphere and the Philippines were limited because both Britain and the United States confronted their respective opponents with overwhelming strength. However, not a few of these "limited" wars were total from the viewpoint of the vanquished. When Britain warred upon the Sudanese Mahdi, the latter's defeat was total; several African tribes have still not recovered from the absolute defeat they suffered at the hands of a small British expeditionary force.

In fact, it can be argued that if both sides are agreed that the stakes worth fighting for are limited, they are consequently agreed that the international political and social order is worth preserving—at least for a while. The ultimate aim of Soviet power is revolutionary, and since Communist aggressions have put the United States in the role of the preserver of the *status quo*, the very condition necessary for keeping wars between them limited is lacking.

The Protracted War

Perhaps the deepest insight into the Communist theory of war is afforded by the writings of Mao Tse-tung, particularly an essay significantly entitled "On Protracted War." Mao wrote: "People who direct a war cannot strive for victories beyond the limit allowed by the objective conditions, but within that limit they must strive for victories through their conscious activity." Despite its Communist jargon, this passage restates trenchantly one of the oldest maxims of military thought: the economy of force. Mao is here concerned with method and with method only. Yet Communist doctrine from Trotsky, Frunze, and Lenin to Mao has held unwaveringly to a strategy of the total objective—namely, the total destruction of the capitalist order. It has never been—and, taking Khrushchev at his word, it is not now—a theory of limited war but of protracted war.

The theory of protracted war prescribes a strategy for annihilating the opponent by more or less limited operations, by feints and maneuvers, psychological manipulation, and various forms of violence. But this theory is not limited to limited war, and it neither explicitly nor implicitly rules out the knockout punch. It is a theory vastly more sophisticated than the one the western advocates of a limited-war strategy have distilled from the history of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe. In Communist theory, various techniques of political warfare and graduated violence are coordinated to produce a spectrum that includes everything from the clandestine distribution of leaflets to the annihilating blow delivered with every weapon available.

Some time in the future, it might suit the Communists' book of protracted conflict to fight us again in limited wars—at times and places, of course, of *their* choosing. At present they appear to pursue less costly strategies. It is difficult to see how the prescription for graduated nuclear deterrence can be applied to the problems that confront us in Syria or Egypt.

CERTAINLY, the United States needs the capability to fight less than all-out nuclear wars; certainly, the United States must overcome its occasional paralysis of will induced by the estimate that most peripheral crises do not warrant the risk of nuclear intervention. Israeli forces, armed with Second World War weapons, easily defeated the Egyptians who had received modern arms from the Soviets. For coping with any concrete situations arising in the Middle East, U.S. and Allied forces do not require nuclear weapons. In fact, if the West is not afraid of the nuclear bluff of the Soviet Union, it can deal with the Middle Eastern situation without using nuclear weapons—and can probably do so without the use of any weapons at all. To call or not to call this bluff; this is a question to which there is no better answer than the fact that the West cannot hope for absolute and riskless security as long as Communist power exists. Yet, even if the West faces up squarely to this unpleasant fact, it must still develop a counterstrategy of protracted conflict as sophisticated and as complex

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as that devised by the Communists. But such a strategy must be tailored to fit concrete situations and not abstractions such as those which have gone into the elaboration of the new doctrine of limited war.

Without doubt, the United States must be equipped to fight less than total nuclear engagements. There is an excellent case for strengthening the capacity of NATO's forces for fighting tactical engagements that would involve the use of low-yield nuclear weapons. That is the gist of Mr. Dulles's recommendations in his *Foreign Affairs* article. The measure has been urged for years by not a few American and by most Allied military leaders. But the arming of NATO forces with tactical atomic weapons does not presage conditions more "ideal" for limited rather than unlimited war.

Such a development might make the outbreak of unlimited war more unlikely because the Soviets might deem the over-all chances for winning it less favorable. But the distinction between a small and a big war in Europe fades into insignificance before the narrowness of that section of the world and the devastating force of even the smallest among the tactical atomic weapons. The idea that any rules of nuclear chivalry—such as the designation of open cities and marginal sanctuaries proposed by some advocates of limited nuclear strategy—could safeguard European civilization from extinction does not warrant much attention, even assuming that the belligerents could be relied upon to conduct their bouts with sportsmanlike restraint.

Strategy *and* Diplomacy

Tactical atomic weapons are indispensable for fighting even a total war. Their possession may be crucial for winning the last battle: After the Soviet Union and the United States have exchanged nuclear blows against each other's forces in the field and against bases and population centers, victory may well go to that side which wins out in local engagements fought out with conventional and/or low-yield nuclear weapons.

But in order to accept this argument we need not lose sleep over problematic limited wars that cannot be fought against the Soviet Union, because there are no places to fight them in and no stakes worth fighting them for.

The adoption of a limited-war strategy in lieu of the strategy of massive retaliation may well give rise to mischievous developments. In the United States and Great Britain, public clamor for a decrease in the defense burden has resulted in an excessive reduction of ground forces, probably because public aversion to conscription and the prestige of the air arm suggested this policy of expediency and economy. In view of the many responsibilities of the United States Army, ranging all the way from police and garrison duties to readiness for "brushfire" and nuclear wars, its budgetary requirements are not immune to the general increase in the cost of all military material.

In order to enable the Army to carry out its mission, the capabilities of ground forces, on land or airborne, must be increased, and larger budgets should be allocated for limited operations. Such forces are needed in the field and as pawns on the diplomatic chessboard. But this is a comparatively inexpensive proposition when measured by the dimensions of problems in intercontinental warfare. In practical politics and especially in an epoch of military budget cutting, public infatuation with limited—and hence relatively inexpensive—war might well lead to a contraction of budgets available for defense against total nuclear surprise attack, particularly now with the coming of the era of intercontinental missiles.

Anything that decreases the American resolution to meet the Soviet challenge in the last resort by strategic retaliation might be fatal and irremediable. We certainly need more conventional weapons, just as we need tactical weapons and forces-in-being capable of using both kinds. But our dependence on the means of strategic retaliation remains as great as our need for an articulate, imaginative diplomacy. In the present condition of the world there is no substitute for either. Nor is there any room for total reliance on any single strategy based on any single category of weapons. The stronger our capability for all foreseeable types of war and the more articulate our diplomacy, the stronger will be our capabilities for protracted conflict—which is the one conflict, the real conflict, in which the West is locked with the Communist bloc.

THERE IS NO easy solution to our problem. From the technical military viewpoint the task is still to keep abreast of and grow superior to the over-all capabilities of the Soviet Union. If we could confidently claim the technological superiority over the Communist bloc that was ours at the time of the Korean War, a strategy of limited wars might point to one approach, though not the only one, to a promising policy for the West. But no one, and certainly no responsible western leader, now cares to advance

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this claim. The struggle for technological supremacy is more fluid than it ever was. This steadily intensifying struggle is the principal aspect of the West-East conflict. In nuclear and missile weaponry, the Communists seem to have overtaken the United States. The technical race has not ended; it has just begun. The same holds true for the technology of interdiction and passive defense against intercontinental nuclear assault.

THE NEW DOCTRINE of limited war is a nostalgic protest. It is a pathetic, though brave, attempt to recapture the past—the past of the Korean War and, farther back, the orderly relationships of the age of the European balance of power. It seeks to reduce the life-and-death struggle of two vast systems to a reasonable proposition all reasonable men are bound to understand and to accept. Like its predecessor, limited war, with its carefully graded violence and predetermined rules, is a typically western concept, as remote from the Communist concept of protracted conflict as Montesquieu is from Mao. It is strangely out of place in an age of supersonic air power, intercontinental missiles, and satellites whirling in space.

The West's grudging defense effort is woefully inadequate. The United States has to acknowledge the necessity of paying for its security by appropriating enough money to provide for means needed to pursue a multiple strategy of protracted conflict and a multiple diplomacy. The West as a whole has still to make up its mind whether it wants to meet the Communist challenge divided and piecemeal or whether it should combine its immense material and intellectual resources in a joint effort of defense. Because it is revolutionary and total, that challenge cannot be met by one military doctrine or by one political diplomacy. It is presented in many forms in space and in time.

Its goal, however, never varies: Each side expects the other to come to an end and each side tries its best to accelerate the process. This is the most important reason why the West cannot hope to find salvation in containment—even if containment is laced with a pungent doctrine for the rationed use of force.

The French Army: Not by Force Alone

JEAN PLANCHAIS

PARIS

FRANCE'S military planners must face all the difficulties that are the common lot of modern armies, together with some special problems of their own. For while France is no longer the power it was before the war, its military commitments and obligations are far greater than they were in 1939. Without having any nuclear weapons of its own, the French Army is obliged to prepare for atomic warfare as part of the crucial role it plays in in the defense of the West. At the same time, it is asked to invent in a hurry a technique that will pacify whole populations in North Africa. Within the past decade, France has had to prepare a defense against potential Russian attack within the framework of NATO, fight a war in Indo-China, land troops in Egypt, and struggle against guerrilla forces in Algeria. A dozen Clausewitzes would find such complications more than enough to try their imagination and subtlety.

When General Charles de Gaulle wrote *France and Its Army* in 1938, it was clear to everyone that the army's essential task was to defend the nation against Germany. For sixty years the general staffs and the war colleges had been studying the same map.

Last April General Paul Ely, Chief of General Staff of the Armed Forces, wrote in the *Revue de Défense Nationale,* "When we were still one of the two or three great world powers, our military planning and our troops were concentrated on our eastern frontier. We thought and organized in terms that were almost exclusively European. Now, when we are no longer on a plane of equality with the two great world powers, we are compelled to invent a military apparatus, one which in conception, structure, and articulation will furnish answers to questions that go far beyond merely European problems. Consequently, we must think in a truly worldwide perspective."

When the American superbomber B-36 was abandoned, French Air Force General Guillaume Chassin, one of France's foremost writers on

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military affairs who holds a high post in NATO's air defense, wrote an article in the magazine *Forces Aériennes* entitled "Funeral Dirge for the Death of Giant." He argued that when any piece of machinery becomes so big that it is no longer proportionate to the task it is built to perform, when it becomes so complicated that it cannot be handled by the man in charge of it, then that machine, whether a giant plane or a giant carrier, is not only useless but harmful.

In General Chassin's opinion, the basic unit must always be such as to permit the individual commanding it to know its full potential and make quick use of it under fire. This attitude is commonly held in French military circles all the way up to the high command: French Army men have always been reluctant to stand by and watch the human and individual element in war being eliminated bit by bit, and French generals are more apt to trust an outstanding commander's ability than that of a committee of specialists. They have yet to forgive the British for planning the Port Said expedition from an underground room in London where the planners remained inaccessible to General Sir Charles Keighley, commanding the expedition, and his French second in command, Admiral Pierre Barjot.

The Flexible Approach

This French belief that a sense of moderation must always be preserved sometimes holds up progress, but it is a safeguard against the dangers of excess. When the British White Paper was issued early this year, all French experts admired the clarity with which it defined the British objective. But they felt that the British were entering the turn into the new age of missiles at a dangerously high speed, at the risk of finding themselves, in case of sudden war, with no conventional air force—totally dependent on missiles still in the experimental stage. The French do not think they should risk any such gap.

Before his government's fall, Premier Bourgès-Maunoury, who had been defense minister in the previous cabinet, gave the French answer to the British White Paper. The plan he proposed was much more complex than that the British had devised:

"Our military system must be flexible," he said, "because it must be able to do three things. It must be highly mobile and have striking power; it must provide a sound defense; and it must be capable of counterattack and retaliation. . . . Obviously this concept requires that in organizing and equipping our forces we must aim first at quality, especially at versatility. . . . For the present, there is no defense against air attack no matter how much money we spend. But instruments for reprisal are financially and technically within our means."

The French armament plan, which in spite of recent budgetary restrictions will be put into execution during the coming years, gives priority to reprisal over defense. France does not as yet possess the atom bomb but is working on one.

IN ORDER to set "reasonable" financial and economic limits to research, the French have decided that prototypes for planes and missiles shall not exceed fifteen and thirty tons respectively. Missiles will be given priority just as soon as research and the tests now being carried out at Colomb-Béchar in the Sahara make it possible to put them into production. By 1965 the task of protecting French soil against attack by supersonic bombers will be taken over entirely by ground-to-air missiles. Under the same general plan, the defense ministry has put technicians to work on the development of a ballistic missile to be used for retaliation, and a bomber for nuclear counterattack. French supersonic fighters and fighter-bombers are already in full production. When the French specialists returned from Britain's disappointing

Farnborough air show early in September, they congratulated themselves on the caution and balance of the French program.

IN A RECENT ARTICLE in the *Revue Militaire Générale* (the unofficial voice of the NATO military leaders, published in French, English, and German), General Ely wrote that he was thankful for an Atlantic defense system based on the threat of nuclear reprisal and the existence of a holding force, but he added: "Nevertheless the problem of limited wars cannot be dismissed. It is even increasingly probable that they will occur, especially outside the NATO area. . . . These limited conflicts can be wars of subversion like that being fought in Algeria, or they can be localized conventional wars even if atomic weapons are used. Once the possibilities for action hitherto offered by the closed European battlefield are eliminated, limited wars will fit naturally into the logic of Soviet strategy."

The chief of staff of the French armed forces believes that the answer to such Soviet attacks must lie in "flexibility." Bourgès-Maunoury used the word "versatility." Whatever term is used, this means strong

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units ready to intervene at a moment's notice and fight any manner of conflict. These units must be light, they must have tactical and strategical mobility as well as instantaneous firepower, and they must be able to disperse and regroup rapidly.

France already has such units. At a base near Lake Constance in Germany, experimental maneuvers with a brigade called the Javelin have been carried out. Equipped with light and fast French tanks, even faster machine-gun carriers, helicopters, light vehicles mounting recoilless cannon, and anti-tank guided missiles, the brigade gave such a good account of itself that a division, the 7th DMR, has been formed on the same lines. A heavier division followed, the 2nd Infantry. Both are now in Algeria. This concept of lightness and flexibility also characterizes the numerous French airborne formations which the battlefields of Indo-China, Algeria, and Egypt have brought to unequaled technical excellence and a high degree of training.

Mao's Textbook

General Ely also wrote: "It is not impossible that an intensive use of modern techniques, particularly in the psychological domain, may furnish results analogous to those obtainable through conventional warfare. The Soviets are masters in a kind of hidden struggle that is both psychological and physical. . . . From now on we must never lose sight of the truth that the final significance of the most obvious facts, even of military facts, can be that which is given them by a powerful and deliberate propaganda."

Present-day French military thinking, that of young officers who have fought in Indo-China and are fighting in Algeria, is in great part concentrated on the lessons of revolutionary or psychological warfare. The first reform that General Jean Lecomte introduced in 1955 in the curriculum of the French War College was to make the works of Mao Tse-tung required reading. Mao may be a wordy bore, but in his *Strategical Problems of Revolutionary Warfare* (1936) there is a passage that makes for interesting reading in the light of subsequent events:

"In our war, the people in arms and the guerrillas on one side, the Red Army on the other, form the two arms of a single man. Lacking the support of the people in arms and the guerrillas, a Red Army and all its power would be a one-armed warrior." Many young French officers have seen the practical application of Mao's principles in Indo-China. They suspect that they are at work in Algeria and that they may well be used in future limited wars. The writings of the Chinese revolutionary leader have become a major text for a whole generation of young French officers.

Although General Chassin, who commanded the French Air Force in the Far East, wrote the first postwar book on Mao, it was not the generals but the captains and lieutenants who conceived the idea of setting up a system to counteract revolutionary warfare. Some of them had fought in the French Resistance, that first draft for a revolutionary technique. Malraux's *Man's Hope* had led many of them to reflect upon the human side of ideological wars. And in Indo-China the French found themselves fighting a war in which the junior officer's responsibility was of capital importance. "This is a captain's war," said Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny.

THAT WAR was not fought by arms alone. Military force could not win back the population, open up the markets and schools, or defeat Communist propaganda. Pacification methods used by the French date back to General Joseph Gallieni, who pacified Madagascar early in the century, and to Marshal Louis Lyautey, who in large part created modern Morocco. But those exceptionally gifted men were dealing with feudal and in some aspects anarchic societies, and we now have new problems to face. For the last forty years, Communism has been perfecting a thoroughly thought-out and tested technique for the conquest of power. This technique is now being used by revolutionary leaders and revolutionary parties—unconnected in other ways with Moscow—in their struggle for power or for national independence.

War in the Minds of the Mob

No general study has yet been published on the way to turn the technique of revolutionary warfare against revolution. The few specialists on the subject spend little time at desk jobs in Paris, for they are kept busy testing their theories and methods in Algeria. However, the *Revue Militaire d'Information*, the official publication of the defense ministry, put out a special issue on the subject in this year's February-March issue and then quickly found itself obliged to double its usual print order and run off forty-eight thousand copies.

The young officers who wrote the issue, most of them anonymously, emphasized that "The enemy's strength does not lie in its terrorist action groups or its regular forces; its real strength comes from the political substructure it has managed to organize among the people. This war is being fought in the minds of the mobs." Those mobs must be won back by furnishing the facts that alone can break down the indoctrination they have been given. Then, and only then, the enemy's military strength will no longer be able to feed on the "nourishing tissue" of popular support. Subversion cannot be fought except on its own terrain, which is psychological and political.

Early in September the ministry of national defense created a new staff unit, the Cinquième Bureau, and gave it the task of co-ordinating "psychological action" in all headquarters. The soldier, whose job has always been to fight, is now being called upon to administer and persuade civilian populations. The idea still comes as a shock in traditional army circles and among some politicians.

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The Obstinate Confidence Of a Pessimistic Man

ALBERT CAMUS answers questions put to him by JEAN BLOCH-MICHEL

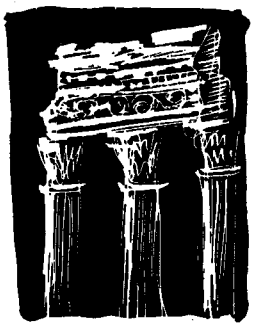
YOU ARE *obviously not preoccupied with the idea of art for art's sake. Neither do you go in for the sort of "commitment" that has become so fashionable lately. As the word is currently understood, commitment consists in putting one's art at the service of some political cause. It seems to me that something more important constitutes the originality of your work—the insertion of that work into its own times. Is that true? And if it is, how can one define the process?*

CAMUS: "Insertion into its own times"—one can accept the formula but, after all, it applies to the whole art of writing. Every writer tries to give form to the passions of his day: yesterday to love, today to the great passions for unity and freedom that are tearing the world apart. Yesterday the individual died for love. Today mass passions threaten all of us with total destruction. Yet today, just as yesterday, art attempts to snatch from death a living image of our passions and miseries.

Perhaps the task is more difficult these days. You can fall in love quite easily—and after all, once is enough. But you can't be a militant in your spare time. And so the contemporary artist risks losing touch with reality if he remains in his ivory tower, while if he gallops forever round and round the political arena he may lose his creative talent. It is between these extremes, however, that the difficult paths of true art open up. It seems to me that the writer must remain aware of all the tragedies of his times and take a stand about them whenever he can and whenever he is sufficiently informed about them.

But he must also keep at a certain distance from current history, or at least take time out now and then to gain some objectivity. All literary creation presupposes a content of reality and a creator who makes the mold that shapes it. Thus it is that the artist, though obliged to share in the tragedy of his times, must also keep his distance from it in order to look at it and give it form. This perpetual shuttling back and forth, this tension which becomes more and more dangerous to him, is the task of today's artist. Possibly this may mean that soon there will be no more artists. Possibly not. It is a question of time, strength, mastery, but also of luck.

That's how things should be. What remains is how they really are,



the truth about our times—which is less superb. The truth, at least to me, is that today's artist walks in darkness, feeling his way, not outpacing the common man, incapable of withdrawing from the tragic world and yet longing desperately for solitude and silence, dreaming of justice yet himself a source of injustice, dragged along behind a huge chariot but still believing that he is the driver. In this exhausting adventure the artist can find assistance only from his fellow men, and in the same manner that they find help for their own troubles. He will turn to pleasure and oblivion, and also to friendships and admiration. And like other men, he will find help in hope. As for me, it has always been from the word and from the idea of fecundity that I have drawn my hope. Like so many men today, I am tired of criticism, denigration, and meanness—in short, of nihilism. We must condemn what deserves condemnation; it should be done with vigor and then put aside. But what still deserves to be praised should be exalted at length. After all, it is for this that I am an artist, because even when what the artist creates is a denial, it still affirms something and pays homage to the miserable, magnificent life we live.

WHEN A MAN *speaks as you do, he is not speaking for himself alone. Inevitably he is speaking for others. Moreover he is speaking in support of something, in the name and in support of those men for whom his values are important. Who are these men? What are these values?*

CAMUS: Above all, I recognize my kinship with the average man. Tomorrow the world may be blown to pieces. In this threat that hangs over us there is a lesson of truth. Confronted with this future, hierarchy, titles, honors become again what they have always been: smoke that blows away. The only certainty that remains to us is the naked suffering that is common to all of us and that mingles its roots with those of stubborn hope.

In the conflicts of this century, I have felt close to all obstinate men, particularly to those who have never been able to abandon their faith in honor. I have shared and I continue to share many contemporary hysterias. But I have never been able to make up my mind to spit, as so many have done, on the word "honor"—no doubt because I was and continue to be aware of my human weaknesses and the injustices I have committed, and because I knew and continue to know instinctively that honor, like pity, is the irrational virtue that carries on

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after justice and reason have become powerless. He whose passions, folly, and faltering heart lead him into the most common weaknesses must surely turn to something for help so that he can succeed in gaining some measure of self-respect and thus become capable of respecting others. That is why I hate self-satisfied virtue. I hate the despicable morality of the world, and I hate it because, just like cynicism, it ends by depriving man of hope and preventing him from assuming responsibility for his own life with all its terrible burden of crimes and grandeur.

The aim of art—and the aim of a man's life—can only be to increase the sum of freedom and responsibility that is in every man and in the world.

Under no circumstances whatsoever can it be to lessen or suppress that freedom, even temporarily. There are books that seek to crush men's spirit and convert them to some exterior rule. Others seek to make man subservient to what is worst within him, terror or hatred. I do not like this sort of writing. No great work has ever been based on hatred or contempt. On the contrary, there is not a single true work of art that has not ended by increasing the inner freedom of every one of those who have known and loved it. Yes, I speak for that freedom and it is that freedom which helps me live. An artist can succeed in his work or make a failure of it. He can make a success of his life or a failure of it. But if at the end of his long effort he can finally say to himself that he has lightened or diminished the sum of servitudes that weigh men down, then to a certain extent he is justified and to a certain extent he can forgive himself.

AT THE BEGINNING *of any work of art there is personal experience. It may be a brutal and short experience, a shock. It may also be the long experience of childhood and adolescence. In your case there was first the Mediterranean and poverty. But later, when a man comes to maturity, other experiences change those early impressions. You went through the war and the Resistance. But haven't the years since the war also provided you with new experiences? What did they bring you, and in what measure?*

CAMUS: Yes, there was sunlight and poverty. And then sport, which gave me my only true lessons in morality. Then the war and the Resistance. It was then that there came the temptation to hatred. To see those you love being killed doesn't teach you generosity. That temptation had to be overcome. I overcame it. It was an important experience.

The years since the Liberation have mainly brought me the experience of lonely struggle. I had friends, of course: good, generous, and loyal friends. I have only to think of them today and my heart is warmed. But the decisions I had to take, those which were to me the most important—the decision to write *L'Homme Révolté*, for instance—were lonely and difficult decisions. And what followed was the same. But all this time, history was going forward. East Berlin, Poznan, Budapest—a gigantic myth crumbled. A certain truth, long hidden, burst into plain sight for the world to see. And if the present is still bloody, the future still obscure, at least we know that the era of ideologies is over, and that the virtue of resistance and the value of freedom give us once again a reason to live.

WE HAVE SPOKEN *of the insertion of a work of art into its times. But a work of art belongs also to a current of thought that one can say is geographical. It seems to me that your work, like that of some other contemporary writers—I am thinking particularly of Silone and Ortega y*

Gasset—is essentially European. Are you conscious of this, and do you feel that this spiritual Europe is a reality?

CAMUS: Yes, I am conscious of that Europe, and I believe it prefigures our political future. And the more I feel myself French, the more I believe this. No one is more bound to his Algerian province than I, and yet I have no trouble at all in feeling myself linked to the French tradition. I learned, as naturally as one learns to breathe, that the love of one's native land can expand without dying. It is finally because I love my own country that I feel European. Take the case of Ortega y Gasset. After Nietzsche he is perhaps the greatest "European" writer, and yet it would be difficult to be more Spanish. Silone, who speaks to all Europe—the reason I feel so drawn to him is that he also is so incredibly rooted in his national and even provincial tradition.

Unity and diversity, and never the one without the other—isn't that the very formula of our Europe? Europe has drawn its life from its contradictions, has enriched itself from its differences; and because it has always risen above them, it has created a civilization on which the entire world remains dependent even when rejecting it. That is why I do not believe in a Europe united under the weight of an ideology or of a religion of technology, a Europe oblivious of its diversities. No more do I believe in a Europe wholly given over to its differences; that is to say, abandoned to the anarchy of warring nationalisms.

If it is not first destroyed by fire, Europe will become a reality. And Russia, too, with its own particular qualities, will join this Europe. M. Khrushchev cannot make me forget all that unites us to Tolstoy, to Dostoevsky, and to their people. But Europe's future is threatened by war. Once again we have to place our bet against the unknown. But it is certainly one of the few bets that we should stand by until the end without hedging.

YOU ARE *a French Algerian writer. You emphasized this when you received the Nobel Prize. When you say that you feel French and Algerian at the same time, you certainly do not set yourself apart from Algerians of other than French origin. Albert Camus, Frenchman of Algeria—doesn't that mean that you feel kinship with all Algerians? How is this possible, and how does*

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this Algeria belong to that spiritual Europe of which you feel yourself a part?

CAMUS: My role in Algeria has never been and never will be to divide, but to unite as best I can. I feel myself bound to all Algerians, of French origin or not, who today are suffering my country's misfortunes. But I cannot rebuild all by myself what so many men are intent on destroying. I have done what I could. And I will set to work again just as soon as there is some hope of helping to remake an Algeria free from hatred and racism. Meanwhile, I would like to recall that there was once a community of Algerian writers, French and Arab. For the moment that community is cut in two. But men such as Feraoun, Mammeri, Chrafbi, Dib, and so many others have taken their place among European writers. No matter what the future may be, no matter how hopeless it may look, I am sure that this will not be forgotten.

ON SEVERAL *occasions when speaking of French thought, you have used the word "renaissance." You not only hope for one, but it would seem that you sometimes see signs of its approach. What form can that renaissance take? What are the signs that announce it?*

CAMUS: Younger men are coming into their own everywhere; that is a first sign. A second is the quality of these younger men, their growing refusal to follow party lines and their return to less pretentious and more human values.

Europe—and France—has not yet fully emerged from fifty years of anarchy. But now that there is so much rejection of the ideological tricks that produced this anarchy, it becomes possible to hope. It all comes down to whether we can go faster than the nuclear warhead. Unhappily, the spirit matures more slowly than the invention of intercontinental missiles. Yet after all, the very fact that atomic warfare would make the future meaningless gives us back our freedom of action. We have nothing to lose—except everything. So let's go forward. This is the challenge to our generation. If we fail, it will be better to have taken our stand at the side of those who want to live rather than with those who destroy.

ALL THROUGH *your work philosophical pessimism coexists, in spite of everything, not with optimism perhaps, but with a sort of confidence—confidence in the spirit rather than in man, in nature rather than in the universe, in action rather than in its results. Do you think that this attitude—that of* L'Homme Révolté, *in which the value of rebellion compensates for the world's absurdity—can be shared by a great number of men, or must it remain the possession of only the wise and privileged few?*

CAMUS: Is my position really so unusual? Are not the threatened, obstinate men of the world today already living it? We suffocate and we survive; we think we will die of grief and life triumphs. The faces of the men of our century, the faces we see in the streets, are the faces of men who know the worst. Some look braver than others; that's the only difference. Anyway, we have no choice. If our societies are destined to plunge into nihilism, either totalitarian or bourgeois, then those of us who refuse to yield will be separated from those societies and will have to accept the fact. Yet wherever we are and to the best of our abilities, we must do what has to be done so that everyone can live together once again.

I have never wanted to be separated. There is a special kind of solitude that is the hardest thing our times inflict upon us. I feel the weight of that solitude, believe me. Even so, I would not choose to be living in any period other than the present, for I also know and respect its grandeur. And then I have always thought that the greatest peril is always close to the greatest hope.

IN A CONVERSATION *like this, it is not possible to avoid touching on certain questions. The most serious of all must be faced by everyone today: In the struggle that divides the world, is it really necessary to ignore what is bad on one side in fighting what is worse on the other?*

CAMUS: Before he died fighting in the last war, Richard Hilary found the formula that sums up and expresses the dilemma you speak of: "We were fighting this lie in the name of a half-truth." He thought he was saying something deeply pessimistic. But there are even occasions when a lie must be fought in the name of a quarter-truth. That is the situation we are now in. The quarter-truth the West holds to is called freedom. And freedom is the road, the only road, toward perfectibility. Without freedom, heavy industry can be perfected, but not justice or truth. The course of events from Berlin to Budapest should be proof enough.

In any case these are the reasons for my choice. I have already said that none of the evils that totalitarianism sets out to remedy are worse than totalitarianism itself. I have not changed my mind. On the contrary, after twenty years of painful history, during which I have never sought escape from experience, freedom—for societies as for the individual—appears finally to me as the supreme good that determines all others.

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The Indestructible Voice Of Kirsten Flagstad

ROLAND GELATT

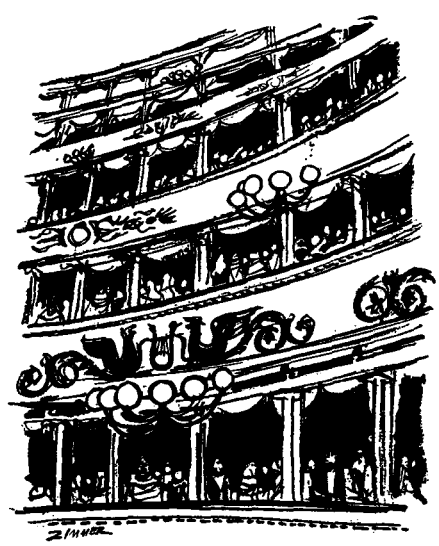
THE CHRONICLES of opera are filled with legends of seemingly indestructible singers. Thanks to the phonograph, we need not take them wholly on trust. Old recordings attest the astonishing vocal prowess of Lilli Lehmann at fifty-nine, Nellie Melba at sixty-seven, Mattia Battistini at sixty-eight. But these past glories are no more incredible than the present exploits of Kirsten Flagstad, who at sixty-two remains far and away the most accomplished heroic soprano of our time. Although Flagstad seldom performs in public today, her work in the recording studio continues unabated, and each new record that arrives from Europe evokes fresh wonder at the radiant power and secure control she still commands.

Before Flagstad made her Metropolitan debut on February 2, 1935, and almost singlehandedly inspired a great Wagnerian revival there, she was on the point of retirement from the operatic stage. After more than twenty years of professional singing, she already had literally hundreds of opera and operetta performances in Scandinavia to her credit. She had also reached her fortieth year. Singers have retired with honor at that age (Geraldine Farrar and Rosa Ponselle, to name two), and so might Kirsten Flagstad had it not been for the Metropolitan engagement that brought her international celebrity overnight. For seven seasons she was the Met's brightest star. Then in the spring of 1941 she returned to Norway, and for six years stayed in virtual retirement.

Many of us thought we had heard the last of her; it is perilous for a singer to attempt a comeback in her fifties. But in 1947 Flagstad did come back and proved to be a more cultivated artist than ever. The years had dealt kindly with her well-schooled voice and had discernibly matured her musical conceptions. She pursued an active public career until December 12, 1953, when she gave a concert in Oslo that was billed as her last. But singers sometimes have a graceful way of saying farewell without quite meaning it. Flagstad reconsidered, and early last year agreed to sing the role of Brünnhilde in a Norwegian radio performance of *Götterdämmerung*—quite an undertaking for a sixty-year-old "retired" soprano.

A New Beginning in the Twilight

The broadcast, heard in England by officials of the Decca-London record company, started Flagstad on a busy post-retirement career. She had at that time no recording commitments, because her old exclusive contract with RCA-HMV had lapsed. Decca-



London proposed issuing the Flagstad *Götterdämmerung* on records (the broadcast had of course been taped), provided she would take part in some further sessions to restore two long scenes and repair a few small mishaps in the original performance. The lady was willing, and Decca-London dispatched a recording crew to Oslo for what was essentially a patching job.

But that was only a beginning. While the *Götterdämmerung* retakes were in progress, Decca-London's artistic directors suggested an ambitious program of new recordings. The results of this collaboration between Miss Flagstad and Decca-London already include a complete recording of Gluck's *Alceste,* with Flagstad in the title role; the Wesendonk lieder and some arias by Wagner, with the Vienna Philharmonic; a program of Bach and Handel arias, with the London Philharmonic; and several song recitals. Much more is to come.

The *Götterdämmerung,* which started it all (London A-4603), is neither an ideal statement of the score nor an ideal recording from a technical standpoint. The conducting is undistinguished, much of the cast is mediocre, and Flagstad—possibly influenced by her ineffective associates—sometimes seems ill at ease. But the performance has its unique moments, particularly in the second act. Flagstad's brilliant, imperious B flat on the phrase *"dem Manne,"* when she denounces Siegfried before the assembled Gibichungs, should be enough in itself to make this recording a touchstone for heroic singing. The Wagner record made in Vienna with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting (London 5259) is more uniformly successful, for Flagstad's dazzling quality of tone and robust projection are superbly reproduced, and the warm-hued orchestral accompaniment is incomparable. Best of all, the soprano is in wonderful form; surely *"Im Treibhaus"* (the third of the Wesendonk lieder) has never sounded more affecting, nor has "Elsa's Dream" from *Lohengrin* ever been purer.

Alceste (London A-4411) is both a delight and a disappointment. The role is well suited to a singer who

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excels in the expression of chaste, classic nobility. In fact, the performances of *Alceste* with which Flagstad closed her Metropolitan career were probably the most artistically rewarding she gave in that house. It is sad that they were never captured on records. What we are offered now is of a lower order. For some reason Flagstad was persuaded to record the opera in Italian, and this seems to have posed problems of vocal production and musical communication that she could not entirely overcome. Certainly her 1956 performance does not recapture all the ringing ardor of the English-language performances at the Met five years earlier. Moreover, she is hobbled by Geraint Jones's stolid, oratoriolike conducting. But again, despite the reservations one must make, the recording remains of great value. The "Grove of Death" scene, with its vaulting, long-lined declamation, will be particularly treasured by anyone who responds to clean, unadorned vocalism.

UNADORNED is the word for Flagstad's kind of singing. She does not overwhelm the listener with interpretative insights or carry him away with the force of magnetic passion. Indeed, she rather tends to hold him at arm's length. This chilly manner prevented her from ever making much impact as an interpreter of lieder during her recital-giving days. Flagstad's recent recording of songs by Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf (London 5292), however, forces at least a partial revaluation. Doubters should listen to the sustained line in Strauss's *"Mit deinen blauen Augen"* or the radiant climax in *"Ich trage meine Minne."*

No one, of course, has ever doubted Flagstad's mastery of the song literature of Edvard Grieg, and it is good to have further evidence of it in two new LPs (London 5263 and 5290) and to marvel again at the smoothly sung portamentos in *"En Drom"* and at the impeccable opening of *"Fra Monte Pincio."*

Flagstad is to singers what Heifetz is to violinists—the embodiment of clear, precise, forthright musicianship. Hers is not the only way of making music, but it is a good way, and nobody has yet come along to take her place.

MOVIES: A Prisoner's Tale

HARRIS GREEN

IN HIS FILM *A Man Escaped,* French writer-director Robert Bresson tells the story of a young Resistance worker who is captured by the Nazis and of his subsequent attempts to escape. Bresson, himself a prisoner of the Germans in 1940, has eliminated any personal involvement in the film and instead has based his film on an autobiographical account of capture and escape by Commander André Devigny, published in *Le Figaro Littéraire.* With such material and experience behind it, the film could have become a flamboyant, highly subjective documentary, complete with overwrought narration and an irresponsible hero hurling taunts through the bars at his torturers. Happily, Mr. Bresson has realized that such stuff would narrow the scope of *A Man Escaped.* He has kept his approach to the tale scrupulously objective, even to the point of detachment.

In fact, in the opening scene (which an introductory note has curtly identified as "Lyons, 1943"), there is such an impersonal manner in the direction that for a moment one wonders if a director is functioning at all. Here the young Resistance worker in the custody of the Gestapo is making his first frantic bid for freedom by bolting from the car that is taking him to prison. Bresson allows his camera to sit impassively by—to stay in the car waiting—not venturing forth to investigate or even to turn slightly to see the scuffle that is obviously taking place outside. Eventually the prisoner is hustled back, handcuffed, and given a thorough beating. But at this point the camera discreetly fades into the next scene. Violence and excessive melodramatics have been excised from *A Man Escaped.*

THERE ARE no professional actors. The young prisoner is played, and quite well, too, by François Leterrier, a philosophy student who attends the Sorbonne. The others, whom we gradually meet emerging from their cells or exercising in the prison compound, are likewise amateurs.

Instead of commonplace background music, Bresson has used a superb sound track that re-creates in haunting fashion all the despair and loneliness of the place, along with an almost abstracted blend of restrained narration (by Leterrier) and prison sounds (clanging doors, echoing footsteps, distant volleys). When a scene must be underlined or elevated, it may be graced by a choral passage from Mozart's C Minor Mass.

A Man Escaped is a series of separate scenes arranged to fit into a large, over-all pattern. By never overstating the contrast Bresson heightens it with his own restraint. His montage of short scenes, in which three minutes of viewing time may encompass either continuous action or a span of weeks, adds an aura of timelessness to a film whose very essence is time—the time it takes to saw through a door or to scale a wall or to wear a soul down to defeat. The German, heard barking his incessant command *"Pas parler!"* or glimpsed from the rear and at a distance, emerges not as an individual but as a force. The young hero (about whom we know so little) becomes its opponent. Bresson, carefully selecting and molding sights, sounds, and scenes, makes their contest not an excuse for thrills but, instead, an allegory of captor and captive, in which the implications transcend, as they must in all works of art, the individuals themselves.

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The Algerian Ordeal Of J.J.S.S.

MAX ASCOLI

LIEUTENANT IN ALGERIA, by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. *Knopf. $3.50.*

I would not say it's a pleasure to read this book, or to review it. Yet the reader's discomfort is a puny, passing thing compared with the trying six months Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber spent in Algeria as a lieutenant in the French Army. There are books that make the reader almost ashamed at taking a fast, free ride through the experience that the author had to endure hour by hour, day after day. *Lieutenant in Algeria* belongs to this category—books the reader must take on the chin.

Servan-Schreiber writes about the Algerian mess as he saw it. Many other Frenchmen who have fought or are fighting in Algeria see things differently, as this book takes pains to make clear. I wish Americans could hear their report, too, and above all, I wish we could learn that life in Algeria had become at least bearable for the French who live there as well as for the Moslems. Perhaps the situation is improving, and there is a chance, as the French authorities claim, that the conflict may turn into a political one, carried on among Algerians with ballots. Or perhaps, as others say, the fighting going on there is still as aimless, bloody, and inconclusive as Servan-Schreiber thought it was a year ago when his tour of duty ended.

For Americans, this report on Algeria has a familiar ring. There are no reasons why we should assume a holier-than-thou attitude toward France. What has been happening during these last few months in our own South has proved once more how wretched life becomes for those who think there is still room for charity and reason in the most envenomed racial conflicts.

There is of course an enormous difference between the French predicament in Algeria and ours in our own South. We have a civil war of nerves there: Organized groups of white and Negro citizens fight each other with legal and extralegal means, yet with an astonishing restraint on physical violence. Or perhaps this is not so astonishing if we remember that our South was soaked in violence throughout the Civil War and for years after. A point of saturation has been reached where violence scarcely pays. The price was so exorbitantly high that France and Algeria could never afford it.

ACCORDING to this book, there are several wars going on in Algeria, all rolled into one. There is the war of organized rebel groups, fighting for Algerian self-government—a self-government that, according to the extremists among the rebels, should lead to the unrestrained sovereignty of the Algerian nation-to-be. The extremists do not yet represent the whole Moslem population, but in Servan-Schreiber's opinion they ultimately will if the French Army treats all Arabs as enemies or potential enemies.

The French Army is engaged in both war and "Reconstruction" at the same time: It uses all means of conventional warfare to crush the rebels and concurrently it is trying to establish, even before victory, a postwar civil order. But what spirit guides the "pacification" campaigns —that of Abraham Lincoln or that of Thaddeus Stevens? According to Servan-Schreiber the official government program is Lincolnian, the actual practice vengeful and wantonly oppressive. The Lincolnians are the targets of radicals on both extremes. The all-out colonialists attack them with weapons ranging from slander to blackmail to stray bullets, while the Arab fanatics avidly seek every opportunity to torture and maim those who work for understanding and co-operation and friendship between the two races.

In this tangled web of wars—military and political, fought with tanks and knives and character assassination—the war that concerns Servan-Schreiber the most is the one waged by Frenchmen against Frenchmen, and within the conscience of many a Frenchman. Of this war he is a partisan and a witness, and his testimony doesn't pretend to be anything but a partisan presentation. He is at his best when he describes the anguish, the hopes, sometimes the despair that keep stirring in his own mind and in the minds of other Frenchmen around him.

The source of major, ever-recurrent anguish is invariably the same, though every time it makes itself felt, the bite is sharper: It is the fear that France may not only lose Algeria, which is bad enough, but may lose her soul in Algeria. Routinized or thoughtless killing, used as retaliation against the sometimes horribly savage butchery perpetrated by the Arabs, may turn a whole generation of French youngsters into callous, docile followers of a leaderless fascism.

IT MAY BE ASKED, Why should we be told about all this, why should this French tale of horror and despair be put into approximate English? Couldn't these Frenchmen keep their own civil strife to themselves? The answer is that the French just don't do things this way. Since the Revolution at least, whatever moves them deeply becomes the object of concern and involvement for all civilized men. The French have no national privacy, and ask for none. It will never be forgotten how the whole world was shaken by a crude miscarriage of military justice at the expense of an obscure little captain.

Once again, one is reminded by this little book that France does not belong only to the French. Should this ever happen, France would join the ranks of those improbable nations like Laos or Tunisia that owe their precarious existence to the dismemberment of France's empire.

Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, age thirty-three, has been playing the role of child prodigy and prodigal for so many years that even his friends could fear, at times, he had turned into a sort of Peter Pan of French political journalism. With this book, in itself an act of courage, he has done a man's job.

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The Wartime Friendship Of a Cantabrigian and a Croat

CHARLES W. THAYER

THE HERETIC: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSIP BROZ-TITO, by Fitzroy Maclean. *Harper. $5.95.*

The charm of Yugoslavia's volatile inhabitants, the beauty of its rugged mountains and roaring rivers, the very smell of its slivovitz seem to bypass the brain and flow straight to the heart. In this sense Fitzroy Maclean's new book is a rare exception, for it portrays Yugoslavia's current hero with a minimum of appeal to the emotions.

It is the first biography of the Yugoslavian dictator written by a non-Communist westerner that tells the incredibly dramatic story of Tito factually and dispassionately. The feat is all the more extraordinary because in 1943 Maclean was himself literally dropped into the vortex of the bitterest quarrel in Yugoslavia's history.

But then Maclean is an extraordinary man. I first met him when he was a junior secretary in the British Embassy in Moscow. His chief interests at that time were Damon Runyon and playing cops and robbers with the GPU. Every few weeks he would sneak away from Moscow to some forbidden area in Central Asia or along the Iranian border where the local police, border guards, and even the army would pursue him over the plains.

Maclean's reports of these adventures were masterpieces of the British Foreign Office equivalent of Runyon—dry, deadpan, understated wit. I shall always remember one passage in which he told of fleeing on horseback across the desert of Azerbaijan from a patrol of mounted Soviet police. The police ran him down and ordered him to put up his hands. It had all been good sport up until then, but when the police frisked him they clumsily let his last bottle of mineral water fall with a crash on the stony ground. This was too much for Maclean, for though he's a Scot, he never takes his Scotch straight.

Parachuting to Join the Partisans

Just before the Second World War he left the diplomatic service for politics and in 1941 took a seat in Parliament. He soon quit Parliament—with special dispensation from Winston Churchill—to join the army. His subsequent adventures in Iran, Africa, and Yugoslavia were all too briefly described in his first book, *Escape to Adventure.*

It was in London, where I was serving at the American Embassy, that I next ran across Maclean. By then he was a brigadier and chief of the Anglo-American mission to the Partisans. He told me that an independent American mission to Yugoslavia was being organized by the OSS, under General William O. Donovan. "The Anglo side of my job is enough trouble for one man," he explained. He not only talked me into joining the new American mission but also persuaded Secretary of State Edward Stettinius to release me from the Foreign Service and General Donovan to hire me.

After a brief training in "jumping out on a parachute," as Churchill called it, I joined Maclean at his base in Bari, and from then on we were together almost daily until he finally left Yugoslavia in March of 1945. During this period I had many opportunities to observe the unique position he occupied among the Partisan leaders and especially with Tito himself.

The relationship between Tito and Maclean during the war was unusual in several respects. Tito, the son of a poor blacksmith, had grown up in a Croatian village. Maclean, a British aristocrat, had been educated at Eton and Cambridge. Tito was an underground political agent turned guerrilla leader. Maclean was a diplomat and politician turned soldier. One was a Communist, the other a

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Conservative M.P. Yet they had many things in common—keen intelligence, a sense of humor, a deep respect for the other's loyalties, and a weakness for good parties whenever a lull in the fighting allowed time for them.

But there were limits to the friendship and confidence that grew up between them. Despite the comradeship of sharing the dangers and discomforts of a guerrilla war, each knew that the other was on a different team. When Eden proposed to Molotov that they share Tito's favors on a fifty-fifty basis, Maclean was unable to keep from exploding into loud laughter.

As he indicates in his book, Maclean came to the conclusion soon after he was first dropped into Yugoslavia that Tito was going to win his feud with General Draja Mikhailovitch and, perhaps more important, was going to inflict far more damage on the German enemy than his rival in the meantime. On both points there was bitter criticism from both sides of the Atlantic, but on both points Maclean turned out to be right.

The Origins of Titoism

Maclean further believed that although Tito was a Communist, he was not a mere Stalinist stooge but a Communist with a difference. In this respect, too, there were many, including this reviewer, who disagreed with Maclean. During many rides through the woods of Serbia, and, later, when Belgrade was liberated, on long walks through the rubble-filled streets of the capital, we discussed the question at great length.

Maclean readily admitted that Tito had originally been appointed to his post as secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party by Stalin himself (although he had been such a minor Comintern official in Moscow before the war that Stalin had not even deigned to speak to him). Maclean likewise admitted that the leadership of Stalin was a basic tenet of Communist faith and that Tito was the first to acknowledge that party discipline required him to submit to Stalin's orders. Maclean was also prepared to admit that Communists are past masters at dissimulation and that if it suited the party's purpose, a Communist abroad could, and often did, hide his true allegiance.

But Maclean insisted that Tito had something no other subordinate of Stalin had been permitted to enjoy: a large following, a world-wide reputation, and, above all, a well-trained army. All these he had acquired with little or no help from Moscow. Furthermore, as Maclean repeatedly points out in his book, Tito's private correspondence with Stalin, even during the war, was not that of a subordinate but of a colleague. "If you can't help us," he once wired to Moscow, "at least do not hamper us. . . ."

MACLEAN'S BOOK offers further evidence of Tito's independence. He recounts in considerable detail the first personal encounter between Stalin and Tito after the latter had surreptitiously "levanted" from Vis to Moscow at a critical moment, without even telling his friend Maclean. The original source for the description of the encounter is Tito himself, partly from conversations with Maclean and partly from quotations that appear in Tito's official biography by Vladimir Dedijer.

Tito, according to Tito, found Stalin less imposing than his photographs. His skin was sallow and his appearance unimpressive. While

Molotov and Beria cringed, Tito refused to "treat him as someone from whom he was ready to take orders at any time, on any subject." When Tito on one occasion disagreed flatly with Stalin, "Molotov and the others sat aghast."

It's a pity we have no other version of the encounter from another source —Molotov, for example—for, as Maclean indicates, Tito is not without vanity. There is evidence that some of Tito's associates did not share his first impressions of the Russian dictator. Even before Tito's visit to Moscow, Milovan Djilas, then still very close to Tito, had visited Moscow and talked to Stalin. After his return Djilas, whom Stalin later denounced as a British agent and whom Tito has recently put in jail, had dinner with me and described his impressions in ecstatic terms.

"If only you could meet Stalin!" he said, his eyes gleaming with reverence. "You would realize what a genius he is." Presumably he thinks differently today.

Maclean's book also describes Tito's independence when negotiating for the entrance of Soviet troops into Yugoslavia in 1944. Stalin apparently assumed that all Partisans would automatically come under Soviet command. "There could, he [Tito] made it clear, be no question of the Partisans being placed under anyone's command except his own . . .," and Stalin reluctantly accepted his terms.

Again one could wish for corroboration from another source. When the Soviets and Partisans joined up for their final assault on Belgrade, Maclean and I remained as close to the front as we were permitted and it is my recollection from conversations with both Partisan and Soviet officers that Partisan commanders were under instructions to put themselves under Soviet command whenever their detachments came together. It is of course quite possible that this was merely a temporary arrangement for tactical situations.

On one point, however, I must take issue with Maclean. He states that ". . . Peko Dapcevic's Partisans had, with Russian support, broken through the enemy's front south of Belgrade and reached his second line of defenses on the outskirts of the city." It is my impression that it was the Russians who destroyed two German divisions with their artillery and then broke through both lines of defense while the Partisans lent them some support on their left flank, chiefly in the form of wiping up the few German troops that managed to escape past the Russians. Even a Scotsman, it seems to me, should give the devil his due.

Dapcevic Gets Drunk

An incident which occurred at that time shows, at least to my mind, what some Partisan leaders were thinking about the relative value of

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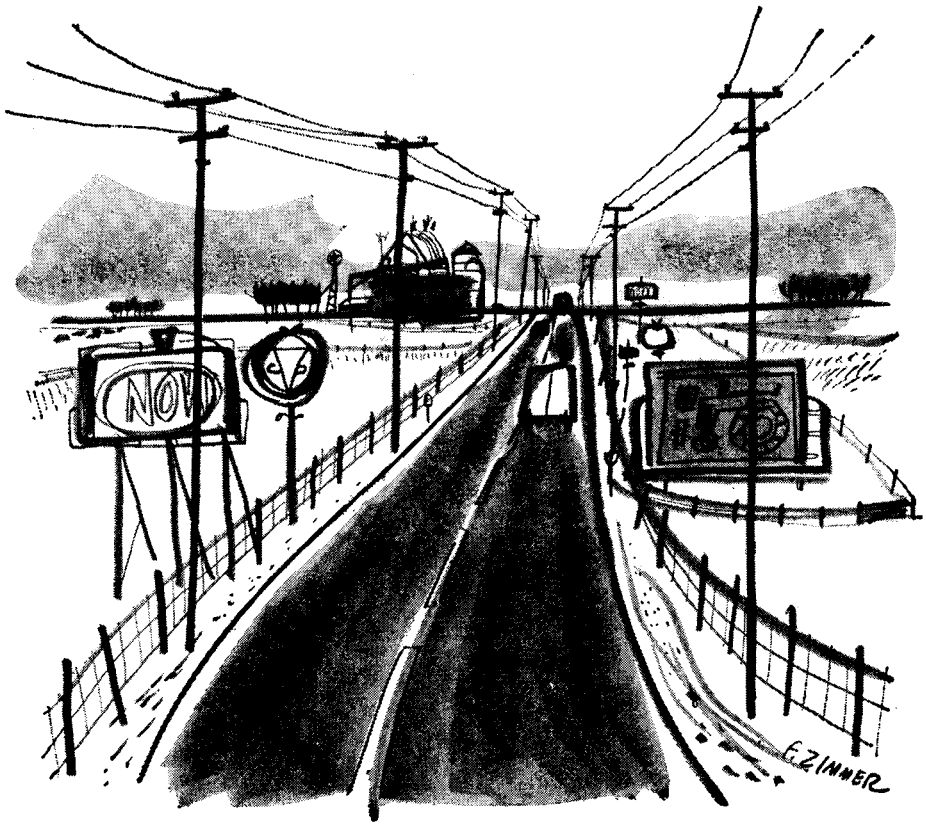
their western and eastern alliances. On November 7, 1944, Tito arrogated to himself the privilege of celebrating the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. This annoyed the chief of the Soviet mission, who said to me somewhat peevishly: "After all, it's our holiday, isn't it?"

Nevertheless, Tito invited some thirty people to his villa for a celebration dinner. Among them was the Soviet commander, who sat on Tito's right and soon passed out on Tito's shoulder. As co-host across the table sat Peko Dapcevic, the commander of the Partisan corps that had participated in the Battle of Belgrade. On Dapcevic's right sat Maclean, and I was on his left. As Maclean points out in his book, up to the moment the Soviet and Partisan forces met south of Belgrade, practically the only weapons and support the Partisans had received from their allies had come from Britain and America in British or American planes. Had it not been for this aid, it is a question whether Tito himself could have avoided capture on several occasions. And this aid was due largely to Maclean's personal efforts in convincing the allied command that the Partisans were capable of holding down the twenty-odd enemy divisions then in Yugoslavia.

Still, during the course of the November 7 dinner Dapcevic rose and proposed a toast to the Red Army, through whose help, he said, the Partisans had survived. Maclean's anger was so obvious that Tito leaned over to say, "Don't mind him. He's just a little drunk."

BUT THE MAIN QUESTION is, What were Tito's real relations with Moscow in those days and what are they today? Maclean tells how in the postwar years Tito became Stalin's most ardent supporter and the West's biggest headache, especially in Trieste and in Greece. He describes how Tito's army arrogantly shot down planes of the American Air Force, which had saved his life on more than one occasion during the war.

In conclusion Maclean quotes an old Balkan proverb that behind every hero stands a traitor. But he refuses to pass moral judgment. His job is writing history, and he does it very well.



A Review of a Novel You Can't Buy

RICHARD SCHICKEL

WHAT IS in many ways the most remarkable—and certainly the most original—novel written in English during recent years has yet to be published either in this country or in England. Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* has enjoyed a certain subterranean reputation in the United States, especially since the publication this summer of a ninety-page taste of Nabokov's book in the *Anchor Review*. But the novel was rejected as too daring by every American publisher who looked at it. It was finally published in Paris in two small green-covered paperbacks, replete with typographical errors, by the Olympia Press. This edition can be obtained from under the counters of some New York book dealers for about fifteen dollars, or it can be bought in Europe for half that price. The French, at the behest of the British, have placed an export ban on the book. However, once you have smuggled the book out of France you may openly declare it in any U.S. Customs shed, for that previously prurient service has not seen fit to ban it. Thus has *Lolita* reversed the classic procedure for the exportation of "racy" novels from the Continent.

Not, indeed, that *Lolita* entirely deserves that term. Certainly the collector of pornography will be disappointed by it. As a novel it ranks well above the *Tropics* of Henry Miller or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, those favorite bits of contraband among college students who have summered in Europe.

THE BOOK purports to be the first-person confessions of one Humbert Humbert, a fastidious, disillu-

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sioned European intellectual with a craving for what he calls "nymphets" and what the women's magazines call "sub-teenagers." He traces it all back to an abortive affair of his youth. As an adult he has limited this passion to park-bench observation of the little dears at play and to a few sly fondlings. But then he comes to America and becomes the boarder of an unimaginative, rather typical American middle-class widow named Charlotte Haze, who has a nymphet daughter, the Lolita of the title. Humbert is not long in marrying the mother in order to get close to the daughter. The mother discovers how she is being used and runs distraught into the street, where she is providentially killed by a passing car. Humbert, armed with pills to keep Lolita asleep during his nighttime caresses, hastens to remove her from the summer camp to which her mother had dispatched her. Sleeping pills, he quickly discovers, are unnecessary; the child is perfectly willing to accept his advances.

On the Road

There follows a wild year-long automobile trip through the United States, during which Humbert uses bribes and threats to hold the restless girl available to his desires. They end up in a New England town where Lolita is placed in a girls' school. The atmosphere there soon threatens Humbert (Lolita begins to take a healthy interest in boys her own age), and so off they go again on another mad journey. This time, however, they are followed by a decadent playwright who shares Humbert's unusual enthusiasm. The playwright finally abducts the more-than-willing Lolita. Humbert gives chase, but loses them and does not hear from Lolita for several years. Then she writes to say that she is married, with child, and in need of money to help her husband get a new job in Alaska. Humbert goes to her, now a grown woman devoid of any nymphet charm, and asks her to rejoin him: Perversion has been shaped into a kind of love. Lolita refuses. He gives her money, seeks out the playwright who stole her from him years before, and kills him. *Lolita* is the confession Humbert prepares in jail as he awaits trial for this murder.

EVEN from a bare outline, it is obvious that the book is a unique one. Its theme has never before been attempted in literature, although of course studies of even more distasteful deviations have been prevalent for years. No, the theme alone would not be enough to prevent its publication here. Nor does it contain any of the four-letter obscenity that has marked so much of modern literature. Even the scenes of sexual encounters are handled with great delicacy and with no more frankness than we are used to in contemporary novels.

Had Nabokov chosen to write another trashy, so-called "realistic" novel, it would have long since been published, and we would probably now be awaiting a CinemaScope movie based on it. But sex is a serious business to American readers; it must be treated either melodramatically or tragically by a writer. And that is especially true of sexual perversion. Nabokov has reported that one firm said it might consider publication "if I turned my Lolita into a twelve-year-old lad and had him seduced by Humbert, a farmer, in a barn, amidst gaunt and arid surroundings, all this set forth in short, strong, 'realistic' sentences ('He acts crazy. We all act crazy, I guess. I guess God acts crazy.' Etc.)."

To appreciate *Lolita* one must grant the premise that a civilized mind may find humor in the most unpleasant situations. Humbert Humbert then represents the comic spectacle that anyone becomes when caught in the grips of an overwhelming passion. For whatever one may think morally of Humbert's passion, it remains for him a legitimate one. Humbert, absurdly sensitive, catering ridiculously to the whims of a child, is a pathetic, almost tragic figure.

A Strange Thing Called Satire

Much of the humor of *Lolita* results from shock. It is perfectly outrageous for Humbert to be so blithe about his sexual relationship with a child. We are shocked by, but at the same time must laugh at, his clinical exposition of the affair. Humbert is mad, but if one accepts his premises it is the world around him that is mad. Such is Nabokov's artistry that we are soon seeing the world through Humbert's eyes and we cannot help our laughter at the absurdities his glittering eye falls upon. Into the oddly stilted, obviously foreign-learned English in which Humbert writes, there are dropped the slangiest of colloquialisms—just the sort of expressions an educated European relishes. One can almost hear Humbert chuckling over them.

But of course most of us are quite sane, and we soon find ourselves shocked at our own laughter, shocked at our daring in accepting Humbert Humbert's mad premises.

The oddest juxtaposition of all, of course, is the heart of the novel: the relationship between the worldly, middle-aged Humbert and that most repugnant of all females, a mid-twentieth-century pubescent American girl-woman. "She it was," Humbert remarks, "to whom ads were dedicated, the ideal consumer, the subject and object of every foul poster." She shares with her materialistic contemporaries a love for "Sweet hot jazz, square dancing, gooey fudge sundaes, musicals, movie magazines . . ."

Since Humbert is the farthest outside of all the outsiders, he is in a perfect position to deliver one satirical thrust after another at the world inhabited by his gum-snapping Lolita. Satire has been practically huckstered out of existence in positive-thinking America, but not out of Nabokov. Here is his rendering of a sign above the washbasin in a motel: "We wish you to feel at home while here. *All* equipment was carefully checked upon your arrival. Your license number is on record here. Use hot water sparingly. . . . Do not throw waste material of *any* kind in the toilet bowl. Thank you. Call again. . . . P.S. We consider our guests the Finest People of the World." Or consider his description of a typical roadside restaurant: ". . . the lowly Eat with its deer-head (dark trace of long tear at inner canthus), 'humorous' picture postcards . . . impaled guest checks, life savers, sun glasses, adman visions of celestial sundaes, one half of a chocolate cake under glass, and several horribly experienced flies zigzagging over the sticky sugarpour on the ignoble counter. . . ."

Much of *Lolita's* action takes

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place along Roadside America, which is in many ways America's own satire of itself. Here the vision of the designers of our consumer economy is translated into its lowest common denominator. It is remarkable that we have had to wait this long for a writer to discover the sickening humor to be found in our cluttered landscapes.

Here is the soft underbelly of the national consciousness that is being shaped by Madison Avenue. Nabokov rips into it with a will, but without losing his perspective. At the end of his catalogue of the absurdities he found on his exploration of America, Humbert says that his words "should in no wise reflect on the lyrical, epic, tragic but never Arcadian American wilds. They are beautiful, heartrendingly beautiful, those wilds, with a quality of wide-eyed, unsung, innocent surrender that my lacquered, toy-bright Swiss villages and exhaustively lauded Alps no longer possess."

Nabokov has asserted that he writes to afford "aesthetic bliss" and that he loathes both topical trash ("those hopelessly banal and enormous novels which are typed out by the thumbs of tense mediocrities and called 'powerful' and 'stark' by the reviewing hack") and the Literature of Ideas. Because his satire is undidactic, it takes on the timeless quality of all truly great observations of the follies of men. There is no anger in Nabokov's views on the sickening prose of most slick magazines, the sophistry of most of our educationalists, the ready Freudianism of the nation, the inanity of most of our entertainment. These are but the contemporary manifestations of the world's timeless absurdity.

Lolita as a whole may be taken as a satire on "those hopelessly banal and enormous novels" about which Nabokov complains. Its plot is a twisted parody of the popular romantic novel. Here is the doomed love affair of social outcasts *à la* Hemingway and his host of imitators who have set the style of most of our fiction. Humbert and Lolita are surely rebels, but their rebellion is not romantic; it is instead, like most rebellion, unspeakably pathetic. Humbert's machinations to keep his miserable affair alive and clear of both the law and private moralists are absurd, but there is also a deep sadness about them that is very close to tragedy.

Of course, Nabokov would never succumb to the easy lure of a tacked-on tragic ending. Nor does he draw a moral from his character's predicament in order to comfort the reader. He leaves his characters as he found them, wry and dry. The reader may be impelled by the book to reflect a bit on the human comedy, but, as Nabokov has said, "*Lolita* has no moral in tow."

The Sin Was Not to Love

But let not the reader suppose that Lolita's author is a dry, heartless intellectual snob. Slowly, through the last portion of *Lolita,* we watch Humbert coming to rationality. Finally, in the calmness that comes after he has killed the pervert in himself by killing the pervert who has taken Lolita from him, Humbert Humbert sees clearly—and with moving regret—the damage he has done. He stands on a high hill and hears from below him the voices of children at play. ". . . I knew that the hopelessly poignant thing was not Lolita's absence from my side, but the absence of her voice from that concord."

He goes on to say that if he had been his own judge he would have given himself thirty-five years for rape but would have dismissed the murder charge. Here, in the novel's final moments, Humbert Humbert at last attains what we have watched him striving for: freedom from his obsession, and the ability to love—if not totally, at least to the limits set by his strange personality. His last words are a dedication of his confession to a madness that turned into a love.

Addressing his Lolita, he writes, ". . . one wanted H.H. to exist at least a couple of months longer, so as to have him make you live in the minds of later generations. I am thinking of aurochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sonnets, the refuge of art. And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita."

RARELY does a novel demand so liberal a mind of its readers—and certainly there are literate people who find *Lolita* offensive. There will be some who will find it subversive of American morality. Already someone has seen it as an allegorical seducing of the New World by the Old. But there will be a few who will see that Nabokov has written nothing more or less than an American *Dead Souls.* (Nabokov, a Russian *émigré* who teaches biology at Cornell while turning out what must be the most subtle prose now being written in his adopted tongue, has also written a critical study of Gogol.)

At the moment a number of American publishers are circling nervously around the book, weighing its possible sales against the possibility of bannings and litigation. Perhaps one of them will conclude that, as Nakobov has said, "We are not children, not illiterate juvenile delinquents, not English public school boys who after a night of homosexual romps have to endure the paradox of reading the Ancients in expurgated versions."

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Two Novelists Lost in the Suburbs

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

NO DOWN PAYMENT, by John McPartland. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

LEAVE ME ALONE, by David Karp. *Knopf. $3.95.*

The most investigated Americans of our time, apart from those who have had dalliance with the Communist Party, are the suburbanites. As the rush to the suburbs proceeded after the Second World War, each family was followed by an investigator—sometimes a trained sociologist, at the very least a journalist—who reported back on his findings. These were usually unfavorable. The houses, like the inhabitants, were too much alike; many were badly built; there was an excessive preoccupation with autos, TV, and installment payments; the flood of children was forcing up the tax rate; people were in each other's laps, and some wives were always in other men's laps; the social and community life was excessive in amount and exacting in its conformity; voters who had been good Democrats were becoming Republicans; the commuting was terrible.

With so much human suffering around, it was inevitable that the novelists would be hard on the heels of the sociologists.

THE FIRST of this autumn's crop was a thing called *No Down Payment,* which has been on the lower edge of the best-seller lists in recent weeks. The setting is a suburban Peyton Place on the peninsula below San Francisco. It is concerned with four exceptionally unattractive young married couples who live on the same court. During the course of this bleary narrative, the wife who was meant to be most ravishing gets raped by one of her more athletic but less discriminating neighbors. One feels that the poor fellow doesn't get proper credit for what must have been a tedious chore. By far the best part of this book is the account of how one of its heroes dynamites a couple into the purchase of an automobile that they cannot pay for. Mr. McPartland may well have a future as the Arnold Bennett of the used-car business.

DAVID KARP's suburban saga has claim to serious consideration. It tells of a young editor whose wife and mother-in-law persuade him to move out to one of the older Long Island suburbs. The children need the fresh air and freedom, and the two ladies desperately want the committees, teas, auxiliaries, and garden clubs. The young editor finds himself in a fierce struggle to preserve his own individuality against the onslaught of organization. The neighbors move in at every opportunity, and the pressure to become a pillar of the community and a doer of good works is almost irresistible. What is the man to do?

The trouble with the novel is that Mr. Karp's man doesn't have to do much of anything. He is totally innocent of any sense of humor and, if pressed, he can be exceedingly unpleasant. As a result, his neighbors go quickly into reverse and depart muttering imprecations. This doesn't make him entirely happy, but it's what he wanted. And the author seems to have concluded that getting rid of the neighbors was too easy, for there is a secondary plot which has to do with the death of the old editor at the hero's place of employment and the problem of the succession. Some years ago in *The Masters,* C. P. Snow built the same theme into an interesting novel of English academic life. Unfortunately, a New York publishing house doesn't lend itself to such fascinating maneuver and suspense. And in the end the job goes, not surprisingly, to the biggest stockholder. The only surprise is the way the hero accommodates himself to this classical outcome. He realizes that capitalism requires one to make adjustments.

I don't want to be unfair to Mr. Karp. He writes carefully and intelligently, and one feels that given the right subject, he would have something to say. But the lesson of both these novels is not the richness of the suburbs as a soil to be cultivated but rather its barrenness.

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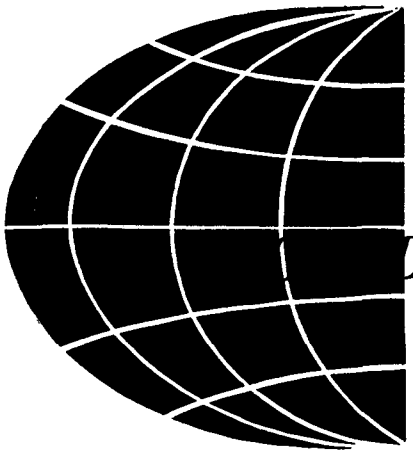

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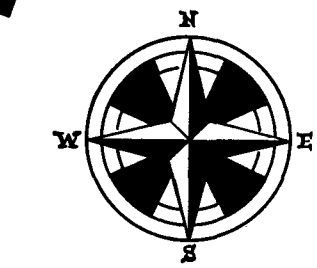

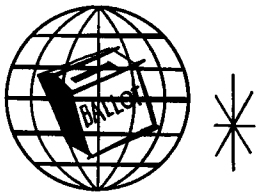

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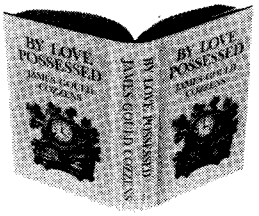

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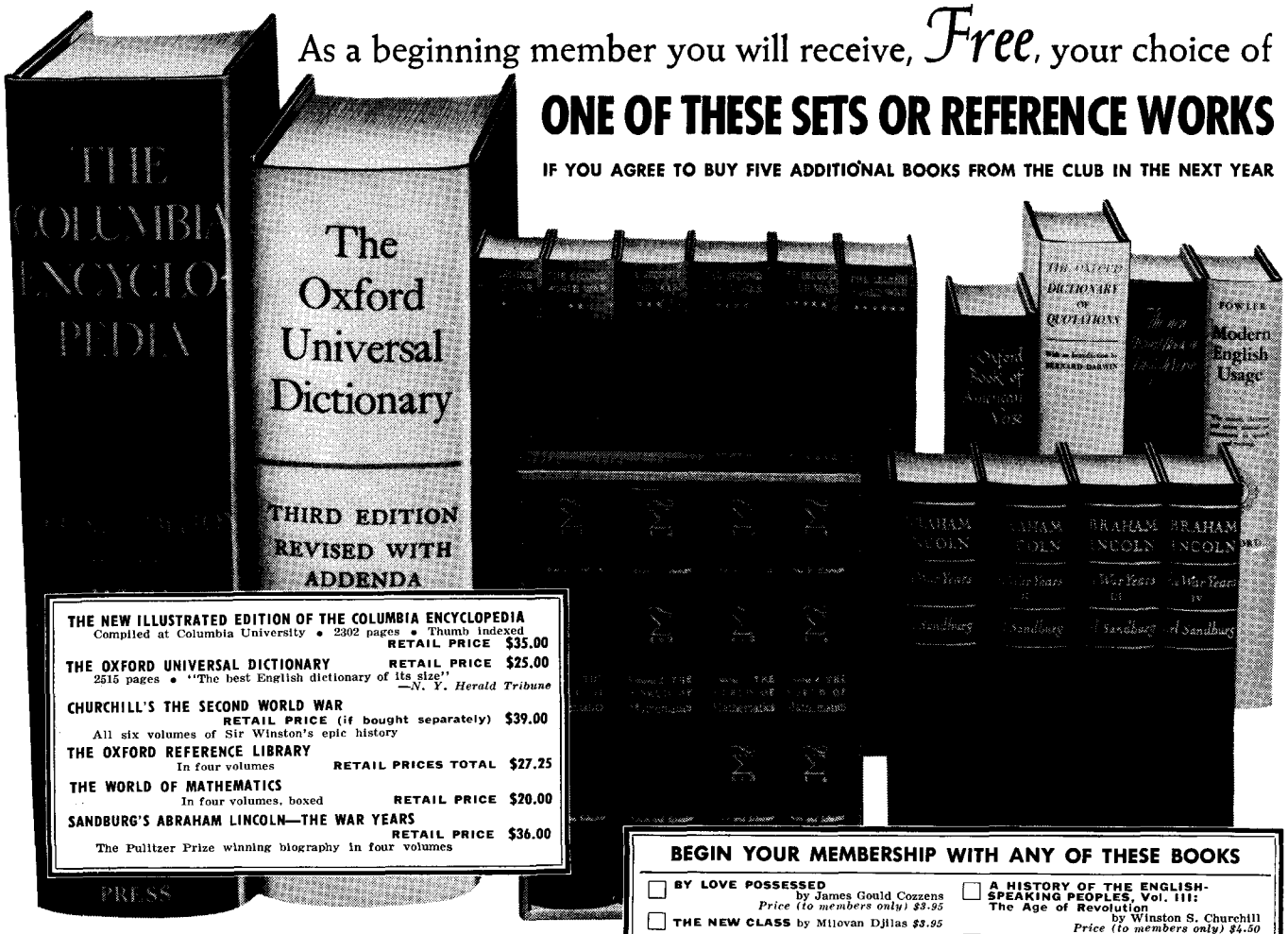

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